50 CENTS
PDC

SEPTEMBER 12, 1975

UC8085

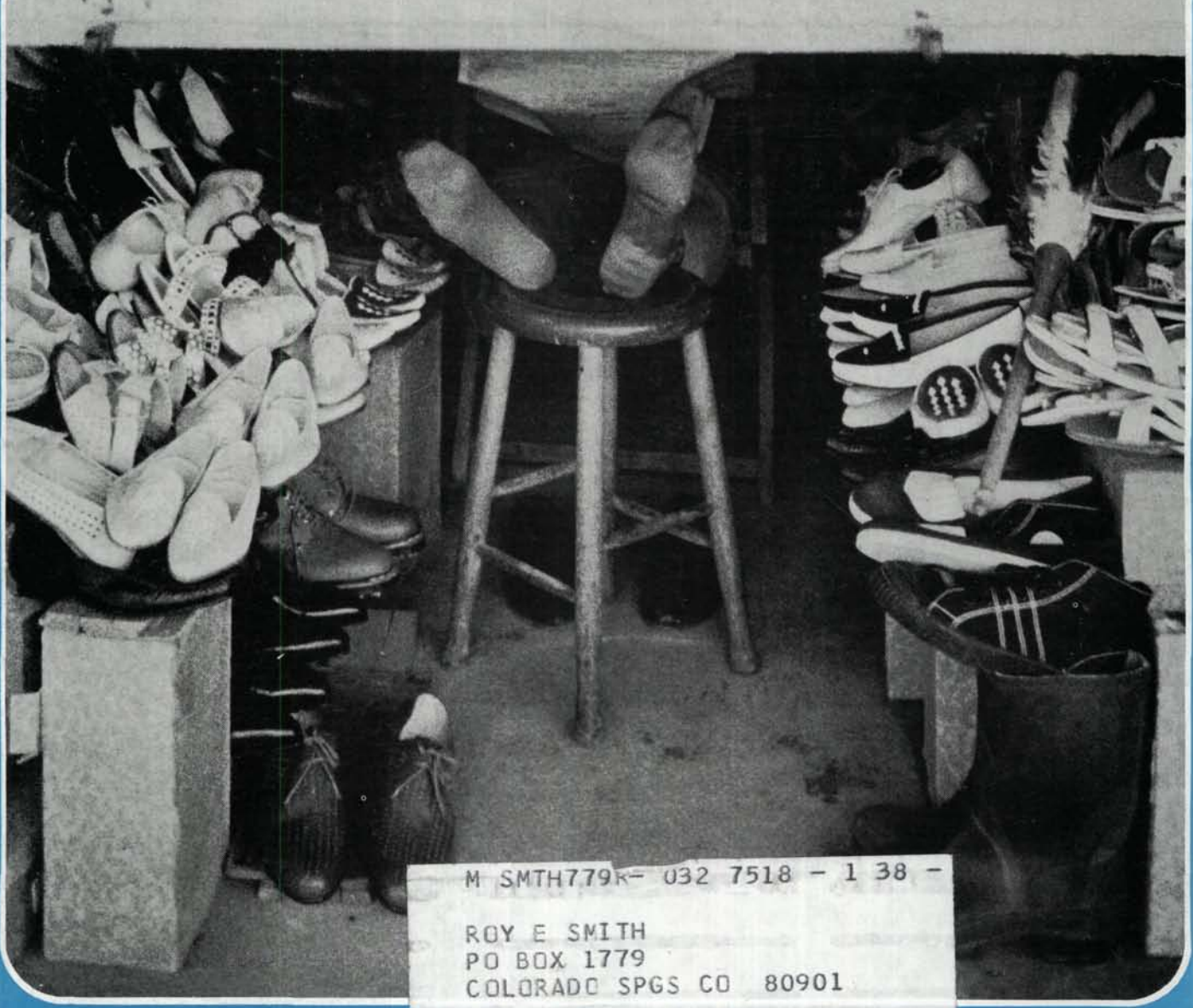
NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

THE PANAMA QUESTION:
An Alternative to U. S. Defeatism

ROBERT S. STROTHER
JAMES P. LUCIER

Ralph Nader and the Terrible Ten

THOMAS H. JUKES



M SMTH779R- 032 7518 - 1 38 -

ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where else but South Africa can you...

climb a mountain in the morning,

go wine tasting in the afternoon,

and watch an internationally famous ballet company perform that night?

On your way to the wilds of South Africa, stop off in one of the world's most civilized cities. Cape Town. Spread around Table Mountain, minutes from the wineries in the fertile Paarl Valley and home to some of the world's most famous performing artists, members of the Cape Town Ballet Company. In short, it's the land of wonderful contrasts. And the most wonderful way to get there is on South African Airways.

You'll get your first taste of warm, exuberant South African hospitality the moment you board one of our Stratojets. Whether you choose to fly our Gold Medallion economy class or our Blue Diamond first class, you'll dine superbly. And you'll have a chance to sample our South African wines! The very same vintages that Napoleon preferred to French wines.

Best of all, we'll get you to Johannesburg and on your way to the rest of our wonderful country much faster than any other airline.*

For information and reservations call your travel agent. He knows SAA.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

The fastest way to the land of wonderful contrasts.

*15 hours and 40 minutes via Cape Verde, 18 hours and 15 minutes via Rio de Janeiro.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE

The easy, economical way to buy the best paperbacks in print

More than 7000 distinguished new paperbacks are published each year. No wonder you miss so many good ones.

WE THINK YOU'LL ENJOY this easy way to buy the best, often hard-to-find paperbacks published and save money too. As a trial member of QPB, you'll receive our informative catalog, the *QPB Review*, each issue of which contains approximately 70 titles to choose from. You'll also immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan. All QPB books are large-size, durable, handsome editions printed on quality paper with modern, readable typefaces. Join QPB today.

Prices shown are publishers' list prices

Any 3 books or sets for only $1 each

You simply agree to buy six more within the next year and as a member you'll immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan

HOW THE MEMBERSHIP WORKS

1. You will receive the *QPB Review* fifteen times a year—about every 3½ weeks. This informative catalog describes the Main Selection plus approximately seventy Alternates. **The Main Selection is always offered at a 20% discount.**

2. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the Alternates—or no book at all—just indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *Review* and return it by the date specified.

3. Free books. For every book or set you buy (exclusive of your three introductory choices for $1 each) you earn at least one Bonus Point, and the Bonus Points you accumulate entitle you to free books and sets. (You pay only shipping charges.)

4. Return privilege. If your *Review* is delayed in the mail and therefore you receive the Main Selection without having had ten days to notify us if you did not want it, you may return that Selection at our expense.

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057 **5-QB123-9-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Quality Paperback Book Service and send me the three books or sets whose numbers I've indicated in the boxes below. Bill me only $3 for all three, plus shipping. My only obligation is to purchase six more books or sets during the coming year, receiving a 20% discount on every Main Selection I take. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy the six additional books or sets. A moderate shipping charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER YOUR THREE BOOKS OR SETS ☐ ☐ ☐

Mr./Ms. _____ 5
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Q-13

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IBM Reports

Managing our energy resources

Today, there is a strong sense of concern in this country about the way we use and manage our resources. Nowhere is this concern more acute, or more needed, than in the area of energy.

While it is clear that long-range solutions to the problem will require additional energy sources, it is equally clear that never again—even when new sources have been tapped—will we be able to afford to consume energy in the lavish and wasteful ways of the past. In the short term, learning to control our use of energy is a matter of urgent priority.

Fortunately, some progress has already been made. It has come about largely through common sense actions in managing energy usage, such as reducing lighting and heating levels.

Computers can also contribute significantly to efficient energy management.

Computers are helping utilities reduce power interruptions and increase fuel efficiency. They are helping airlines cut jet fuel consumption. They are helping truck fleets reduce total mileage while increasing actual deliveries.

At the same time, computers are being used to cut energy consumption in commercial, industrial and public buildings.

For example, an Atlanta department store chain reduced its average monthly use of electricity from 7.5 million to 6 million kilowatt hours due to computer control, saving nearly $25,000 per month in the process. And computer control at a major IBM facility in Florida is reducing electricity consumption by 15%.

While helping to conserve energy, the computer is also playing a role in producing energy and converting it to man's use.

The growing usefulness of computers in these and other areas is closely tied to the remarkable reductions that have been made in the cost of doing things by computer.

Today, a specific set of computations can be performed on an IBM computer for less than one hundredth the cost of the early 1950's. This means major savings in overall computing costs.

And as technology continues to advance, the cost-per-computation continues to decline. This will make the computer even more useful in managing our energy resources to help meet the needs of the future.

IBM®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. XXVII, NO. 35

SEPTEMBER 12, 1975

NR NATIONAL REVIEW

STROTHER
Page 986

LUCIER
Page 989

JUKES
Page 991

MANO
Page 995

SOBRAN
Page 996

HAZELTON
Page 997

ARTICLES

986 **The Panama Question: An Alternative to U.S. Defeatism**

1. The Historical Background
Back in 1903, when the U.S. bought the Canal Zone from the government of Panama, the question seemed settled forever. But Panama's present rulers, smelling blood, want the Canal "back."
Robert S. Strother

989 **2. What's Going On?**
It isn't the Panamanian navy that has the big stake in unsettling the old arrangement. But then, it isn't only the U.S. that has an interest in keeping things stable. What we're doing, and what we might do.
James P. Lucier

---

991 **Ralph Nader and the Terrible Ten**
The consumer's pal has his own blacklist—and he doesn't seem to mind smearing innocent grapes.
Thomas H. Jukes

---

992 **The Laughter of Cunhal**
Most people have misunderstood the Portuguese revolution, including, with any luck, Portugal's top Communist.
Peter P. Witonski

ARTS & MANNERS

995 **The Kid**
Hookers, junkies, hustlers: not the most genteel audience for a 15-year-old magician.
D. Keith Mano

---

996 **Opening Questions**
You don't have to be Jewish to like *Commentary*. And you certainly don't have to be liberal.
M. J. Sobran Jr.

997 **Suiting Up**
Have you got a few druids, or for that matter a Roman legion, in need of some stage-worthy duds? Try Brooks-Van Horn.
Nika Hazelton

BOOKS

1000 Walker Percy's essays on man the sad talker, collected in *The Message in the Bottle*, may be celebrated centennially, bicentennially, semimillennially . . .
Hugh Kenner

1002 American movies, argues Michael Wood, "assuage the discomforts of blurred minds."
Anne Crutcher

1002 Edmund Wilson's notebooks give us an unexpected and valuable view of *The Twenties*.
Chilton Williamson Jr.

1003 The best thing about Frederick Exley's new novel is that it has occasioned the reissue of his old novel.
Ronald De Feo

1004 Shelley lives again, in all the busy and often seamy detail of his time, in Richard Holmes's great biography.
Stephen J. Tonsor

---

964 **Letters**
966 **For the Record**
970 **The Week**
984 **George F. Will**
985 **James Burnham**
994 **Gerhart Niemeyer**
1001 **Random Notes**
1008 **On the Right**
1010 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover photo by Jan Lukas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham/Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Daniel Oliver *Executive Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton/Will Herberg
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano/Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell/M. J. Sobran Jr.
George F. Will

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Kevin Lynch/Vicki Marani
Jane Buckley Smith
Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
Agatha S. Dowd *Research Consultant*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Barbara A. Devlin *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson / Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield / Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr. / Guy Davenport
Anthony R. Dolan / Neal Freeman
Victor Gold/John Greenway
Henry Hazlitt/Elspeth Huxley
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Jared C. Lobdell
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Stefan T. Possony/Alan Reynolds
Morrie Ryskind
William S. Schlamm / Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
Auberon Waugh / Chilton Williamson Jr.
Peter P. Witonski / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

Solzhenitsyn's Call

From its beginning, the speech of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn ["The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn," August 29] latches onto our souls, and it holds fast until the end. "Is it then possible or impossible to transmit the experience of those who have suffered to those who have yet to suffer? Can one part of humanity learn from the bitter experience of another or can it not?" Is it *then* possible . . .? Why "then"? It is as if a discussion had been going on for years.

Out of the refining fire the figures have come: King Arthur and Sir Thomas More, Pierre Bezuhov and Solzhenitsyn: figures through whom blow tumescent currents of the human spirit, whether in myth or history. Suddenly, though, we confront an awful responsibility if what Solzhenitsyn has said is true. And we know it is. The struggle is now, it is ours, and it pervades every aspect of our lives.

So then, how will we and our leaders face the challenge of Communism? How much courage will sustain us in defense of freedom? Solzhenitsyn here exhorts us all. We beg to follow.

St. Joseph, Mo. CARROLL ABRAMS

Airwave Pollution

My good friend Lewis Feuer has suggested that something be done to counteract the pollution of the airwaves, and I agree ["Why Not a Commentary on Sevareid?" August 15]. My personal solution, to turn off Sevareid and Cronkite whenever they appear, is socially inadequate. But I do not think that a corrective is to be found in the faculties of the social disciplines and the humanities, which are the chief source of the pollution. Apart from such aberrant types as Feuer and myself, professors would generally reinforce the liberal commentators by finding a bit of empirical evidence that makes their judgments more plausible. And for him or me, it would be a full-time job taking on such professionals; neither of us is capable of being as smoothly pontifical as Sevareid.

Those *NR* readers who do not know of its existence will be interested to learn of an organization that carries out this task well. It is Accuracy in Media, 425 13th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004; it publishes regularly a fascinating *AIM Report* on what is happening in the newspapers and on the airwaves. CBS, obviously, is a recurrent target, and AIM hits it effectively enough to stimulate some bad-humored response.

Columbus, Ohio WILLIAM PETERSEN

Counter-Quibble

Your correspondent Robert Blake ["Letters," August 15] is, of course, correct in pointing out that the Moslem forces engaged at Lepanto were under Turkish command. If I might contribute further to breaking a butterfly upon a wheel, however, I would add that the Spanish contingent there was operating within the structure of the Holy League, which included Venetian, Genoese, and Papal forces. Two of the Turkish squadrons came from Algeria and Egypt, largely Arab in those segments of the population from which sailors were drawn. Hence, Arabs *did* fight Spaniards at Lepanto, the Arabs for the Ottoman Empire and the Spaniards for the Holy League.

Bayport, N.Y. TIMOTHY R. SANFORD

A Problem of Morale

Although James Burnham's conclusion ["Reflections on Defeat," May 23] that we can still restore our forces and prestige after the Vietnam disaster is 100 per cent correct, his argumentation neither supports it nor elucidates it. "Overextension" is a material, technical, resource-related problem; but unwillingness and inability to finish what had been started smacks of a problem of morale, clarity of purpose, and political orientation.

Indeed, the American-inspired assassination of Diem, self-imposed limitations on the military conduct of the war, the farcical Paris Agreement stacked in favor of the Communists which we needlessly concluded after a brief interlude of military superiority had brought them to their knees, congressional prohibition of U.S re-entry into the conflict, and the final military and political abandonment of South Vietnam during the spring offensive

(Continues on page 968)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

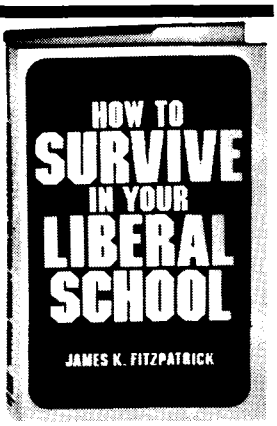
RATES: *$27.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $12.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For students today (and their parents too):

HOW TO SURVIVE IN YOUR LIBERAL SCHOOL



The U.S. is a bloodsucking, imperialistic exploiter. The difference between what you believe and what a Communist says is just a matter of opinion. If America were socialist there wouldn't be any pollution. The U.S. started the Cold War.

Sound familiar? It should, to the average student in an American high school or college today.

Most teachers are now liberals. Many are radicals. Their attitudes on politics, morals and economics turn most schools into battle grounds for moderate and conservative students. James Fitzpatrick knows. He has been a public high school teacher for the past ten years. While most of the moderate faculty members have been keeping their mouths shut (they'd rather not open up in this radicalized world), Mr. Fitzpatrick is one of those who dares to speak out.

In this hardhitting book, Jim Fitzpatrick looks hard at the liberal cliches, then shreds them. He explains what the radical teachers are up to, and why most moderates feel safer keeping quiet. More important, he shows where the biases of the radicals and their liberal cohorts come from. Aimed at the student trying to make sense out of the classroom scene, this book salvages sanity from the New Left rhetoric that stifles every other point of view in most schools.

Using the commonsense approach, Jim Fitzpatrick explores typical biases against patriotism, religion, capitalism, anti-Communism and taboo lifestyles like the hunter's. Jim comes right out and says it: education does *not* mean teaching students that the values of their parents are wrong, or that things like pornography are just a matter of opinion. Don't disrespect your teachers in their role as teachers, Jim advises; but meet the challenge of thinking for yourself (something the liberals always preach but seldom act on).

Mr. Fitzpatrick doesn't shrink from thorny issues like "McCarthyism" and sex education. He gives the *other* side. (Yes, Virginia, there *is* another side.) And he does it in a direct, "no bull," often amusing style. If you're having a problem picking your way through the educational land mines, you'll like this book. Most of your teachers won't.

Cartoons by Mary Gauerke of *National Review*

NOTE TO PARENTS

If you're not sick over what goes on in Johnny's school, then you've been looking the other way. It's time you knew. And time you armed Johnny to defend himself.

James Fitzpatrick does just that. He knows how the brainwashers operate, and he has the answers Johnny needs.

Oh, by the way, Mr. Fitzpatrick also has the answers you may need. Steal a peek at this book before you pass it on to Johnny. It will help—more, probably, than anything you've ever read.

SURVIVAL MANUAL
For Thinking Students Suffocating from Clichés
(Each chapter fits into your survival kit.)

- Patriotism is not "mindless jingoism"
- Capital punishment is not "institutionalized murder"
- Pornography is not "just a matter of taste"
- Traditions are not "shackles of the past"
- Liberalism: a disease of the heart
- Education does not mean learning "how wrong your parents are"
- Anti-Communism has not become obsolete
- Conservatives are not "racist pigs"
- The New Left does not have all the answers
- You don't have to be a "gun nut" to oppose gun control laws
- Joseph McCarthy: he was not America's "great threat"
- God is not dead
- Sex education: doing your thing is not the right thing
- Is there an answer?

SAVE $7.95

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
165 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, New York, N.Y. 10801

Please send FREE **How to Survive in Your Liberal School** by James K. Fitzpatrick and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club expressly for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. I will be offered books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 92% plus shipping. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 4 weeks—13 per year. **NR-568**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

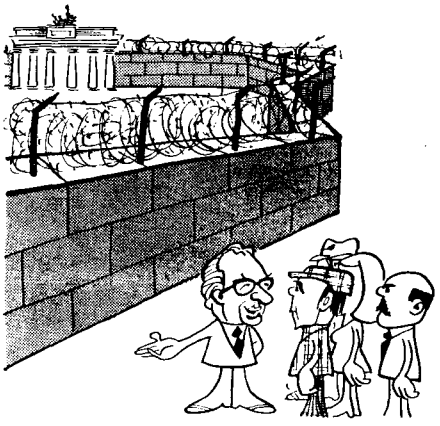
☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $7.95. Please send **How to Survive in Your Liberal School** postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LIBERTY-TREE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ How big is the **Wallace** vote? A recent **Gallup** poll pitting George Wallace against five Democrats (**Kennedy, Humphrey, Muskie, McGovern, Jackson**) shows Wallace trailing them all. But, and here's the interesting finding, one Democrat in eight—13 per cent of the Democrats polled—voted for Wallace in all five showdown tests, while 50 per cent voted *against* him in all five test votes. . . . Incidentally, HHH, Muskie, Wallace, and Kennedy—who are not officially in the race—consistently score better in the polls than **Bentsen**, Jackson, **Udall**, and **Carter**, who are. . . . Jimmy Carter predicts that after the **Florida primary**—that's the second primary, March 9—only two or three Democrats will be left in the race, one of whom, says Carter, will be George Wallace. . . . About ready to test the presidential waters: Gov. **Milton Shapp** of Pennsylvania (who believes a governor has a better chance than a congressman or senator because of the "disrepute Congress has fallen into"), Sen. **Birch Bayh**, and **Sargent Shriver**. . . . **James Lorenz Jr.**, a former close associate of California Gov. **Jerry Brown**, says "the decision has been made to go for the big prize," which statement was, as expected, instantly denied by Sacramento. The **ADA** has formally denounced Sen. Henry Jackson as "one of the most conservative non-Southern Democrats in the Senate in the last two decades."

■ Slightly cold water for **Ford**: **Melvin Laird** believes Ford will win the election in '76 only if unemployment is brought down to 7 per cent by that time, inflation to 6 per cent (both chancy). . . . Asked about a possible **Reagan-Rockefeller** vice presidential race, Laird thought it might help the Party, add interest. Asked about a possible Reagan-Ford presidential contest, Laird was silent: No comment. . . . The latest *Christian Science Monitor* sounding of Republican state chairmen and national committeemen found "only a handful" preferring someone else (either Sen. **Howard Baker** or **John Connally**) to Rockefeller as Veep. . . . Southern GOP leaders meeting in Wrightsville, North Carolina last week were more pro-Ford than they had been in past (although very vocal in their criticism of **Betty Ford**'s recent statements). Their feelings about Ronald Reagan could be summed up by **Mack Mattingly**, the Georgia state chairman: "Reagan would have beat hell out of Ford six months ago, but now it's much more of a race." . . . New additions to **Citizens for Reagan** Committee include former *NR* summer staffer and ACU Washington Director **Jeffrey Bell** and Sen. **James Buckley**'s former executive assistant, **David Keene**. . . . Buckley will be a speaker at this year's New York Conservative Party dinner, "Salute to Ronald Reagan" (Americana Hotel, NYC, Oct. 20 —for information write James O'Doherty, Conservative Party, 468 Park Avenue South, NYC 10018), as will *NR* contributor and former senatorial contender, Mrs. **Barbara Keating**.



Bac, *Frankenpost*, Germany Rothco

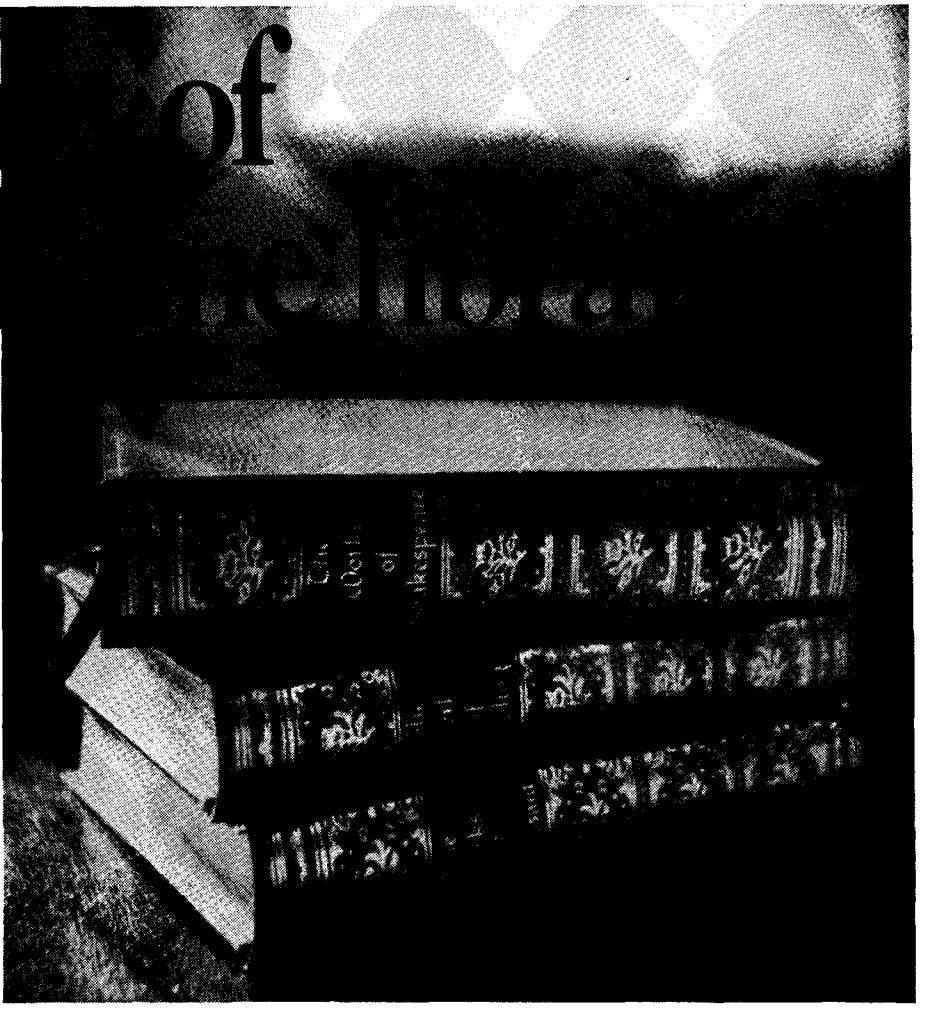
". . . and this protects us from the rush of unemployed from West Germany!"

■ Other political news: Latest opinion polls show Republican **Louis Wyman** and Democrat **John Durkin** neck and neck in New Hampshire special senatorial election with Wyman leading 37 per cent to 35.5 per cent. . . . The GOP is given good chance of winning gubernatorial election in Mississippi which pits Republican **Gil Carmichael** (who ran a surprisingly strong race against Sen. **James Eastland** last time out) against Democrat **Cliff Finch**, who made the mistake of supporting George McGovern when only 22 per cent of the people of Mississippi did three years back.

■ Rep. **John Burton** (D., Calif.) doubts that CIA is engaged in operations in Portugal "given the present status of the Agency" but just in case he urges the U.S. to permit Portugal "to settle its own affairs free from outside interference." . . . The Communists don't see it exactly that way. The **U.S. Communist Party** has sent its message of solidarity to Portuguese CP leader **Alvaro Cunhal**. . . . The *World* (Aug. 26) reports that the CPs of **Venezuela** and **Peru** have also pledged their solidarity with Cunhal. . . . **Hortensia Allende** (**Salvador**'s widow), in Yugoslavia, has called on the democratic forces the world over to stop the "reactionary onslaught against the Portuguese people." . . . An official **Hungarian** delegation has left Lisbon with contracts to buy half a million bucks worth of Portuguese goods in the next six months. . . . Three times as many Iron Curtain **tourists** as normal flocked to Portugal in the first six months of 1975, but overall tourism is down 30 per cent (51 per cent fewer **Americans**, 34 per cent fewer **Spaniards**, 32 per cent fewer **British**). . . . Going the rounds in Lisbon: "Portugal is truly international today. Its capital is in **Lisbon**, its government in **Moscow**, its people in **Brazil**, its money in **Switzerland**."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sta of a fine l



Let us send you, for the token price of only $1 each, three books that have served as cornerstones in many a fine home library.

The complete works of Shakespeare

This beautiful 1300-page volume contains every word Shakespeare ever wrote. All 37 of his comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas including Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, etc. Also all of his poems and sonnets.

The works of Kipling

Actually eight books in one. A complete novel and 139 stories, ballads and verses loved the world over, including Mandalay, Gunga Din, The Phantom Rickshaw, etc.

The works of De Maupassant

128 matchless tales by the acknowledged master of the short story. Every story complete and unexpurgated: The Diamond Necklace, A Piece of String, The Will, etc.

Each volume is clothed in a handsomely-tooled binding of antique ecru with both the elegant look and feel of leather.

You will enjoy reading these books, just as millions before you have. Your friends will admire them, perhaps even envy you for owning them. And your children will gain a real advantage with books like these always close at hand.

We offer you three books of this calibre for only $1 each to introduce you to our new Golden Giants Series. We think you will be impressed. And we hope you will want to own others in the Series, as they become available, including:

Hugo. 36 complete works including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls.

Regularly $14.67. Now only $1 each.

Stevenson. 39 novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnaped, etc.

Doyle. All the best of Sherlock Holmes—The Sign of The Four, Red-Headed League, plus other works.

Poe. 91 works: Annabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, etc.

The full series will also include the works of Cellini, Wilde, Ibsen, Browning, Longfellow, Emerson, Dostoevsky, Byron and many others.

Normally, you would expect to pay $10 each or more for deluxe editions of books like these. But our direct-to-the-public method of book distribution (which we have specialized in for over 30 years) lets us make these volumes available for only $4.89 each, plus a few cents for mailing.

Send no money now. Simply mail coupon to get your first three volumes for only $1 each, plus mailing, and to reserve the privilege of examining future volumes as they come from the press.

You will receive advance description of all upcoming volumes. You may reject any book before or after you receive it. And you may cancel your reservation any time you wish.

Mail coupon to: Black's Readers Service, Roslyn, New York 11576.

5-AZ

Black's Readers Service
ROSLYN, NEW YORK 11576

Please enroll me as a subscriber and send me at once SHAKESPEARE, KIPLING and DE MAUPASSANT. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $3 (plus postage and handling) or return them.

Also reserve for me additional volumes in the Golden Giants of Literature series. As a subscriber, I will get advance descriptions of future volumes. For each volume I choose, I will pay just $4.89 (plus postage and handling). I may return any book, at the Series expense, for full credit and I may cancel my reservation at any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

NAME _____
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

GG1A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***Here's a new idea for your next meeting:**

Make it an occasion to be remembered with a really good speaker

from *Catherine Babcock, Inc.* A good speaker can make the difference between a successful meeting or a dull affair. Locating the right speaker is no problem when you deal with Catherine Babcock. Choose from this line-up of outstanding conservatives:

***William A. Rusher**
***Russell Kirk**
***M. Stanton Evans**
***Jeffrey Hart**
***Ernest Van Den Haag**
***D. Keith Mano**
***Peter P. Witonski**
***David Brudnoy**
***J. Daniel Mahoney**
***Cornelius J. Troost**
***"Johannes Eff"**
***F. Clifton White**
***Robert K. Dornan**

All you have to do is tell us the name of your organization and when your meeting is scheduled. We'll handle everything. Write today to:

Catherine Babcock, Inc.
544 Southside Rd.
Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

are all factors decisive in our defeat. Yet they have nothing to do with "overextension" but everything to do with unprecedented political blundering.

Measured quantitatively, the defeat in Indochina may be a minor affair, as Burnham says. But measured qualitatively, it certainly is not: one million Vietnamese and 55,000 American lives, *pour qui, pourquoi*? And measured politically, the message of unreliability, indecisiveness, and disorientation which our conduct has broadcast will plague us for years in our foreign policy.

It seems that the powers of subtle analysis Mr. Burnham displayed so brilliantly in *Suicide of the West* left him for a fleeting moment as he wrote that column.
Bloomington, Ind. STEPHEN KARGANOVIC

Protesting Professors

The article by Jeffrey Hart in the July 4 issue ["Freedom Wins at Dartmouth"] was of great interest to me because my son is about to embark on his college career at Dartmouth. It is encouraging that there appears to be some semblance of freedom of speech at Dartmouth, which is perhaps somewhat more than can be said for Yale, except that it appears that Mr. Gilder was only invited in the first place as the result of a mistake.

My letter is in the nature of an open inquiry to Mr. Hart. He implies that there was concern over the possibility that the faculty would create a disturbance to interfere with Mr. Gilder's speech. That is quite an indictment and it would be interesting to know whether there was any basis for such concern. For example, had there been previous similar occasions when members of the faculty actually attempted to interfere and harass a speaker?
Pittsburgh, Pa. WILLIAM T. MARSH

When William Shockley was prevented from speaking at Dartmouth, faculty members were observed participating in the prolonged applause that constituted effective censorship. When the administration building, Parkhurst Hall, was occupied during the ROTC controversy, several faculty members participated. As Gilder's visit impended, this spring, reports reached his sponsors that those opposed to his appearance were considering the option of "protest action." In my opinion this option was rejected not on any principled ground but because opinion on the campus was so overwhelmingly in favor of Gilder's appearance that disruption would have been politically counterproductive. —JH

Someone's Crazy

Miles Copeland ["The Case for Intelligence," July 4] exposed the bewildering self-hate that permits the leaders of our government and media to work so freely, and self-righteously, against our national interest, but he stopped short when the time came to probe into the reasons for its presence in our society; as if making the point that there are people who want to see a weakened America and a vigorous USSR were enough. Indeed it used to be. We used to call it treason.

But the deeper question, the one being asked by the under-thirty generation and their academic and media teachers, has to be handled: Is there any reason why an informed and right-thinking person should side with America? Does American life contain anything worthy of our love, sacrifice, and commitment to a military defense?

It was not so long ago that NATIONAL REVIEW seemed committed to determining why our society seems to have bred so many of Mr. Copeland's "maggots" and "termites": "Liberals are coming to understand, even if darkly, that the logic of their analyses and ambitions points them down a road they cannot follow: that the gnostic dream of an earthly paradise can be realized (as Khrushchev knows) not by changing society, *but by changing man* —by transmutative surgery on the soul. *It follows that if gnosticism is ever to triumph it will triumph in the Communist form.* Yet liberals instinctively recoil from that prospect: their sense of humanity, their residual attachment to the values and norms of the West, forbid the Communist solution. What a pickle—to be possessed by a world view that demands the victory of your enemy! Men affected by such a neurosis go mad, and civilizations do also. And in the meantime the fight—stubbornly, but aimlessly, without hope and without purpose: a 'twilight struggle.'"

Mr. Copeland worries that "Either I'm crazy or everybody else is." L. Brent Bozell wrote the above passage over ten years ago. I guess it took about that long.
Mahopac, N.Y. JAMES K. FITZPATRICK

Points

Two questions arise out of the issue of August 15:

1. Why does the chapel of King's College, Cambridge illustrate an article (Edwin Yoder's) concerned largely with Oxford and hardly at all with Cambridge?

2. Re the editorial note on *Time*'s use of the auxiliary *may*, do you remember Max Beerbohm's beautiful treatment of such stylistic evasiveness? Just in case you've forgotten: "As one of the critics avers, 'It is hardly too much to say that a time may be not far distant, and may indeed be nearer than many of us suppose, when Luntic Kolniyatsch will, rightly or wrongly, be reckoned by some of us as not the least of those writers who are especially symptomatic of the early twentieth century and are possibly "for a time" or for a more or less certainly not inconsiderable period of time.' That is finely said."
Kintnersville, Pa. RAY L. ARMSTRONG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

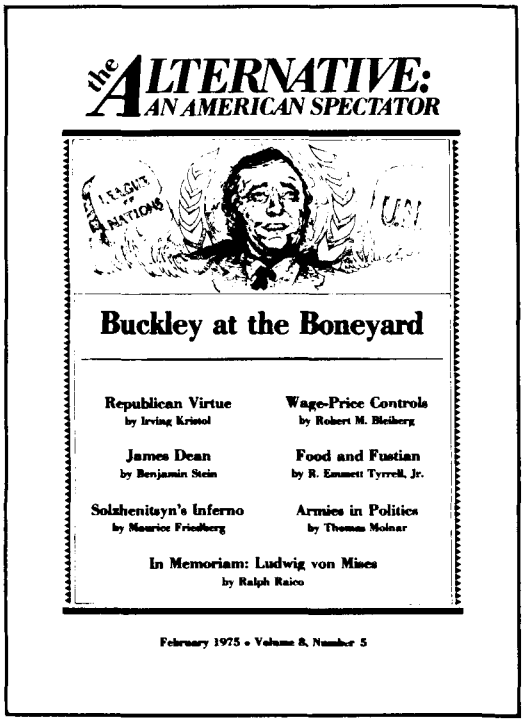
Conservative Chic?

Suddenly it's becoming fashionable to be a conservative egghead. Slowly the liberal world is awakening to the ideas of freedom that abound in the conservative intellectual milieu. In the *Columbia Journalism Review*, in *Time* magazine, and in all sorts of unlikely places, people are writing about the young conservative journalists, and the fact is that many of these magnificoes launched themselves right here on the pages of *The Alternative*, a journal that is being talked about all over the country.

Are we becoming fashionable? Might we even become chic? Only Tom Wolfe knows, but why not subscribe now and watch us happen.

"I believe that every time you subscribe to *The Alternative* you break a bonehead's heart."

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor, The Alternative



". . . one of the most amusing and outrageous and interesting student journals in America."

William F. Buckley, Jr.

"*The Alternative* has proven that young persons do not have to be rich and liberal to found a lively intellectual journal. *The Alternative* is one of young conservatism's most promising institutions. It deserves the support of every intelligent American."

Congressman Philip M. Crane

"I predict for *The Alternative* a leading role in philosophical and political battles to come."

M. Stanton Evans

"*The Alternative* is a consistently interesting, thoughtful, and lively magazine. It manages to maintain a firm commitment to individualism and freedom without being doctrinaire, boring, or doleful."

Milton Friedman

"I enjoy reading *The Alternative* and think it fills a real need, particularly for our young people."

Governor Ronald Reagan

THE ALTERNATIVE • P.O. Box 877 • Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Yes, I'm interested in watching **The Alternative** happen. Please enter a one year subscription (ten issues) for $8. I understand that if I am not satisfied after my first issue arrives I may cancel my subscription within fourteen days and receive a full refund.

(please print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

nr

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Spirit of Helsinki: "Bonn, Aug. 18 (AP)—East Germany has installed 16,000 automatic shrapnel-spraying devices along parts of its border with West Germany, the Bonn government said today. The Interior Ministry said the devices, which resemble shower nozzles, are attached to metal posts at various heights and are triggered by trip wires."

■ The folks who brought us food stamps are diversifying. The most recent government goodie is travel stamps. The new program is being tested in West Virginia, where the food stamp program was first begun, and if it works there, authorities promise to dole out travel stamps in all fifty states. To be eligible, a West Virginian has to be elderly or handicapped and earn less than $237 a month; if he qualifies, he's entitled to $8 worth of travel stamps for $1 to $5, depending on his income. In its first year, only 6,000 of an estimated 125,000 eligible West Virginians had enlisted in the program, so authorities began a campaign to drum up business by 1) attempting to convince West Virginians that the handout is not a handout, and 2) easing the eligibility requirements. After this last stratagem, happy officials noticed a 15 per cent boost in recipients. What's next? Our money is on clothing stamps, but it will undoubtedly be another two or three years before federal pennypinchers get around to house stamps.

■ America's Bicentennial anniversary will be the occasion of a new Declaration of Independence—this one on behalf of America's 32 million stockholders. "Let us," it reads in part, "shout the truth that Congress has erected a multitude of bureaucracies and sent swarms of bureaucrats to harass and discriminate against our companies and eat out their substance. . . . It is imperative that our 32 million votes demand that federal and state agencies, commissions, and bureaucracies and their officers be held liable for their malfunctions, malpractices, and restrictions which harm, harass, or destroy our properties." The full document is available from the Stockholder Advocate Foundation, Inc., 5 Exchange Street, P.O. Box 999, Charleston, South Carolina 29402.

■ By next July, if all goes as the Administration plans, the bells will be tolling for the Federal Energy Administration. Not surprisingly, the public-spirited bureaucrats aren't taking their demise quietly. In upcoming months, FEA officials plan to expend a lot of energy imploring Congress to grant the Agency a two-year extension. So far, not one of the FEA's 3,200 employees has been let go. When Frank Zarb, head of the FEA, discussed trimming the Agency's PR staff from 129 to 100, Robert Nipp, head of the PR staff, said he thought he could get Zarb to reconsider. The FEA has been in existence for just 15 months. Imagine what would happen if somebody tried to take an axe to agencies that have had years to put down roots (excepting, of course, intelligence agencies).

■ Equality, Here I Comes. *Item:* In order to qualify for federal grants of $373,000 Western Maryland College, a Methodist college in Westminster, Md., has agreed "to remove all religious symbols from the top of its chapels," "to limit the numbers of Methodists on the board and teaching staff," "to refrain from sponsoring or conducting any religious services," "to remain totally neutral to the spiritual development in a religious sense of its students," "to exclude prayers, religious hymns, or sermons in its graduation exercises." Chalk down that victory to the ACLU and Americans United for Separation of Church and State. *Item:* The National Academy of Sciences has appealed a ruling by the EEOC that forbids it from asking former bosses for recommendations for black or Spanish-surnamed job applicants—they might be discriminatory. *Item:* A federal appeals court has ruled that the University of Nebraska has discriminated against men by putting into effect a government-ordered salary schedule developed to upgrade the salaries of women employees. *Item:* The Junior Chamber of Commerce of Hannibal, Mo., has told the ladies they can go hang, no girls will be entered this year in Hannibal's annual Tom Sawyer Day Fence Painting Contest.

■ The new breakthrough in our relations with Cuba is more of a slidethrough. It amounts to letting our multinationals, like General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler, sell to Cuba from plants based in third countries, a codification, really, of existing policy. Nonetheless, Jacob Javits and George McGovern are crowing over this "first step toward recognition," and they are probably right. The pressures of detente (once you've drunk toasts in Moscow and Peking, how can you keep Havana off limits?) make it almost inevitable. The Castro lobby now tells us that Castro has no designs on the rest of the continent; he

Moving Up with Humphrey

He's full of facts and pleased as punch.
His wife is still his "honey bunch."
His hair is now a darker red,
And this time LBJ is dead.
If Teddy's word is Teddy's bond
(Religious types need not respond),
I wearily predict that he
Will be his party's nominee.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dick Salisbury is down in the dumps...

He's a guy who spends a lot of time in the dumps, but he has good reason to be happy while he's there.

Dick Salisbury deals in steel cans, which we all know as tin cans. He is Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of Los Angeles By-Products Co., a firm that combs the garbage in major California cities for a half billion steel cans a year. In San Francisco, for example, his magnetic separators recover steel cans from garbage at the rate of 10,000 tons per year.

L.A. By-Products also operates steel can recovery facilities in Oakland, Sacramento and Contra Costa Counties. Since steel cans are magnetic, it is easy to pull them out of municipal garbage by the millions.

These reclaimed cans are sold to nearby copper mines for use in a chemical process that recovers copper from low grade ore.

Steel cans are magnetically recovered in more than 20 cities across the nation. In addition to their use in copper mining, they are remelted to make new steel, used in the production of ferro-alloys, or detinned. As a result of recent research, they will soon be used by the foundry industry as well.

Recovery and recycling of steel cans does more than simply preserve our natural resources. It saves valuable landfill space. It also conserves energy. And it puts cash in municipal treasuries.

Sure, Dick Salisbury and his men are down in the dumps, but they can manage a smile.

If you are down in the dumps about garbage, maybe we can help cheer you up, too.

For more information write, **Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 1000 16th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036.**

but he's never been happier.

Steel the recycled material

Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute

Pitch In!

LICENSED TO UNT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is so beloved by the Cuban people that he can move among them easily (although he is so frightened of the CIA that he seldom sleeps in the same house two nights running); the only reason the Cuban economy does not flourish is the U.S. blockade. In fact, the blockade has failed for 15 years to bring Castro down. However, the Soviet Union, suffering from increased economic troubles of its own, is said to be more stingy with aid nowadays—hence Castro's conciliatory noises. It's not a line of reasoning that will appeal to detentists, but if loosening up on Castro now would wean him away from Moscow, it would not be the worst reason for rapprochement.

■ Any way you look at it, it's just got to be a bargain. The (Maoist) *Guardian* is advertising, for only $1.75 to you and me (it's free to prisoners), a slim booklet, "Women behind Bars," that "provides an overview of conditions women in the country's jails and prisons face, . . . information on organizing tactics, legal questions, bail funds and resources available to prisoners, . . . interviews with ex-cons and sketches of women political prisoners plus an outline of the legal system of the People's Republic of China."

■ The Communist Pathet Lao have made official what everyone has known for months: they, and not the coalition government, control Laos. Neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, head of the coalition government, claims the Pathet Lao's march into Vientiane was just another regional takeover. But as soon as he had finished telling a *New York Times* reporter, "Everything is calm here, always calm. There is no change. I am still Prime Minister," the phone line suddenly went dead. The Pathet Lao forced over 100,000 residents of Vientiane to gather on a parade ground to "welcome the people's revolutionary administration," and the sick and wounded were dragged from their beds to take part. But once the celebration was over, they were allowed to return to their homes instead of being driven out of the city. This difference between Laos and Cambodia is tenuous, however. It depends partly on the presence of Souvanna Phouma (who is elderly and in poor health) and partly on the ascendancy within the Pathet Lao of the "doves" led by Souvanna Phouma's half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong, who are being challenged by the hard-line Cambodian-style guerrillas coming in from the jungle.

■ Although the defense attorneys demonstrated that their conduct in the 1967 coup was not covered by the existing Greek law, it was a foregone conclusion, under the prevailing Nuremberg standard (death to the defeated), that Colonel Papadopoulos and his two principal associates should be condemned to death, and a dozen of their colleagues to long imprisonment. Fortunately, in spite of the bloodthirsty cries of Andreas Papandreou and the leftist opposition in general, the Karamanlis government had the sense and morality to commute the death sentence and substitute sentences of imprisonment and exile that are appropriate to the abuse of power that they ultimately succumbed to. They were probably justified in seizing power initially, but, as with all men, its tendency was to corrupt when swollen to too great proportions and to be held too long.

■ Political control of Milan—Italy's second largest city in population, first in economic weight—has just shifted from a coalition dominated by the Christian Democrats to a Communist-Socialist united front. This is part of the leftward shift that has been going on at an accelerated rate since the Communist advance in the spring elections. Five major regions of Italy are now governed by a Communist-Socialist combine: Emilia-Romagna, Tuscany, Umbria, Liguria, and Piedmont. Another five, including Lombardy in the north, Lazio (in which Rome is located), and Calabria at the southern toe, are getting governments supported by (i.e., hostage to) the Communists. Thirty major cities now have joint Communist-Socialist governments. The Communists believe that this powerful and growing base at the regional-municipal level will enable them to achieve the entry into the national government that is the current objective of their policy.

■ Tony Benn and Enoch Powell notwithstanding, there will always be a you-know-what: "Council officials at Southend have been ordered to make sure that there is no coverup among topless dancers in seafront pubs. Complaints have been received that the girls are not topless and, acting under the Trades Description Act, consumer protection officers are attending sessions to make sure everything is on view." (*London Evening Standard.*) "At the trial Mr. Deave said that Miss Mary Cricket went to Beeby's home to collect a parcel for a friend. Beeby hit her on the head with a poker, took her upstairs, tied her up, and raped her. Afterwards, he told her she was 'a cold lover.' " (*London Daily Telegraph.*)

■ It can't be the worst of all possible worlds. The Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference is scheduled to meet next month in New Delhi. Can't you see it now, President Idi "Big Daddy" Amin (that's what he likes his surviving subjects to call him) castigating Madame Indira for tyrannous behavior toward *her* surviving subjects.

■ The United Nations Special Committee on the Situation with Regard to the Implementation of the Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples (known informally as the Decolonization Committee) has shelved until next year Cuba's resolution to "reaffirm the inalienable right of the people of Puerto Rico to self-determination and independence." The Committee did not go so far as to admit that 95 per cent of Puerto Ricans reject independence in every election. But the more moderate members of the Committee, the black Africans, had already persuaded Cuba to remove some of the specific charges—e.g., that the U.S. was forcing the sterilization of Puerto Rican

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

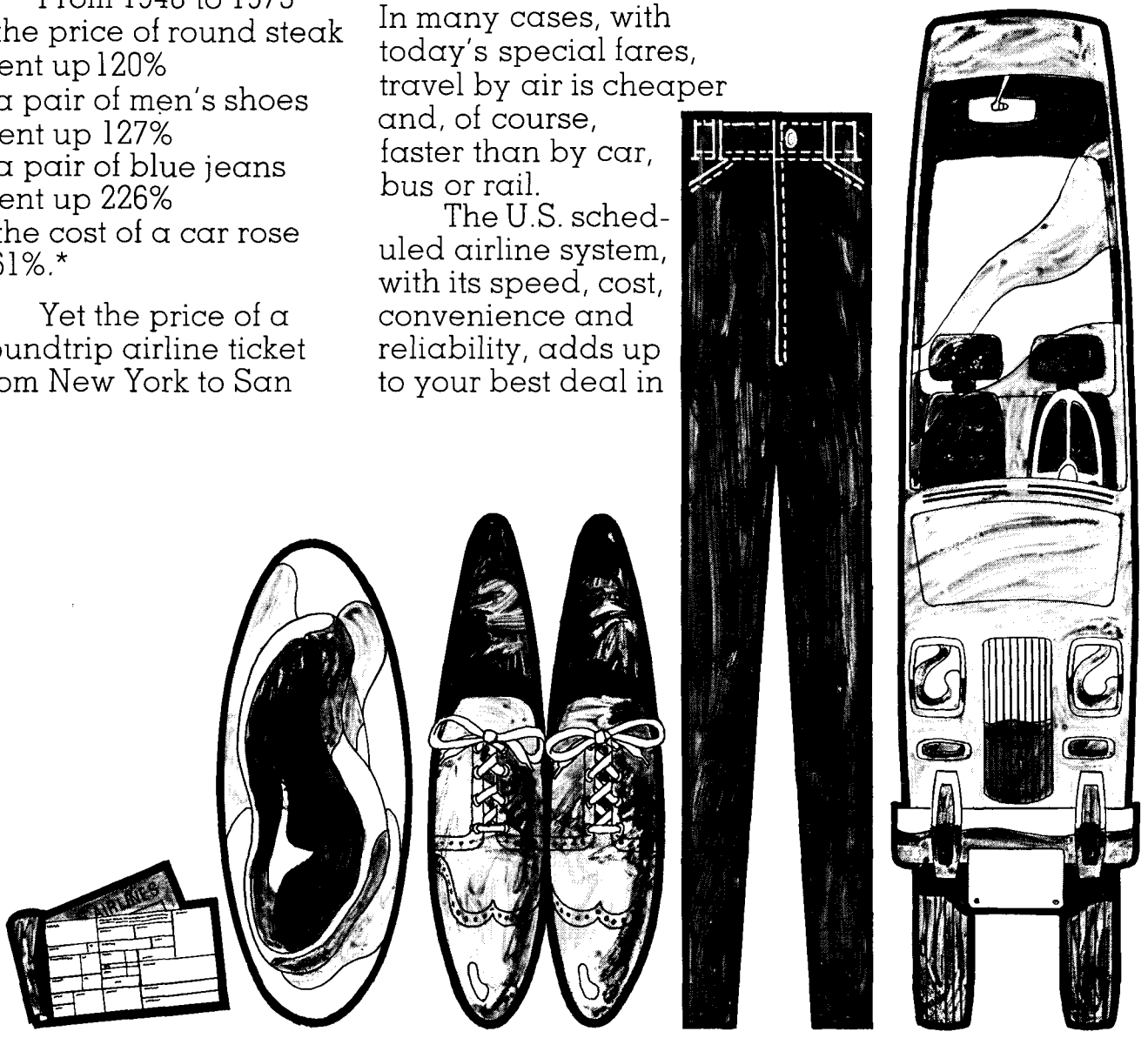
Jets and Jeans

Despite inflation and soaring fuel costs, an airline ticket remains a 1975 bargain.

From 1948 to 1975—
- the price of round steak went up 120%
- a pair of men's shoes went up 127%
- a pair of blue jeans went up 226%
- the cost of a car rose 261%.*

Yet the price of a roundtrip airline ticket from New York to San Francisco during those 27 years rose just **18%**—and you get there twice as fast. During that time the average airline fare went up **22%**, while the overall Consumer Price Index rose **123%**. In many cases, with today's special fares, travel by air is cheaper and, of course, faster than by car, bus or rail.

The U.S. scheduled airline system, with its speed, cost, convenience and reliability, adds up to your best deal in travel. That's why the airlines today are the dominant form of public passenger transportation between our cities, and between this country and the rest of the world.



Source: Consumer Price Index & manufacturers. Air fares as of August 15, 1975

THE AIRLINES OF AMERICA

Public Transportation at its best.

Air Transport Association of America, 1709 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Representative William Cohen, the young Republican congressman from Maine, became a Household Word last year during the House Judiciary Committee impeachment hearings. He may be about to seek even more notoriety by running for the Senate against Abe Lincoln—meaning, of course, Lincolnesque Senator Edmund Muskie. Cohen has been tooling around Maine and has found his reception—you're not going to believe this—"friendly and heart-warming." A poll he commissioned was, remarkably enough, "very encouraging." Cohen was the pitcher for the Republicans in the recent congressional baseball game. The Republicans lost for the first time in 12 years.

■ Last issue in this space you learned that the Democratic presidential nominee would be former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, who swept to victory in straw balloting in four Miami mock caucuses. Cato now has fresher information and can report with certainty that the nominee will be Indiana Senator Birch Bayh. He rolled to victory with 138 of the 611 votes cast in a preference poll at the Young Democrats' national convention. He nosed out Carter, who got 86 votes. Next came Representative Morris Udall, 68, Senator Hubert Humphrey, 53, former North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford, 49, Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, 44, former Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma, 37, and the 1972 vice presidential nominee-II, Sargent Shriver, 33. Henry Jackson got 29 votes, but he did not address the convention, which explains why he did that well.

■ Only 18 per cent of the people were kidding when they called the Democratic Party's July 26/27 telethon and promised to send money. So 82 per cent of the pledges have been collected—and the Party has netted $1.2 million, less than half what it netted last year, when the Republic was in the throes of Watergate, and when the Democrats were smart enough not to put their telethon on ABC, the network with the lowest ratings. The telethon moved Washington comedian Mark Russell to prophesy: "Next year's fundraiser will be a Tupperware party in Hubert Humphrey's front yard."

■ And from Prox, another question: "Is it worth more than $1 million of federal money to probe marijuana effects on sexual arousal, hypnosis, facial expressions of Americans, marijuana use among the Zulus, and the use of Qat by the people of the Arabian peninsula?" It is too late to answer—the money has been spent by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. Still, the NIDA lost out in the ever-tough competition for Senator William Proxmire's Golden Fleece of the Month Award for August. The Wisconsin Democrat gives that award each month for the dumbest waste of taxpayers' money. The August champ was the Federal Aviation Administration, which spent $57,800 to study the body measurements of airline stewardess trainees.

■ BRIEFS: Beware Grade Creep. It is a social disease, sort of. It is the practice of moving government employees into a higher job rating—and, hence, higher pay—for no change in work. A Library of Congress study says Grade Creep costs you $1 billion a year. . . . Mr. Ford on the effect of his wife's CBS conversation about the First Daughter's sex life: "When I first heard of it I thought I'd lost ten million votes. When I read it in the paper the next morning, I raised it to twenty million." . . . This is the sort of thing that cramps your style if you are seeking to become Maximum Leader of the Free World. Governor Milton Shapp has been invited to appear before a grand jury investigating contract kickbacks. The grand jury is curious about some Shapp campaign contributions. At a recent Governors Conference Shapp announced that he was considering announcing plans to announce running for President. . . . Now *what* could be on *his* mind? Senator George McGovern is vexed and pained by the inadequacy of all the visible Democratic presidential aspirants, who "offer only to subtract a little here, add a little there . . ." One of them ought to think of adding $1,000 to everyone's income.

—CATO

---

women—and to remove the request for immediate formal observer status, complete with UN offices and a representative in the General Assembly. This is the first UN vote the U.S. has won in recent memory, and the first fruit of Daniel Moynihan's get-tough policy.

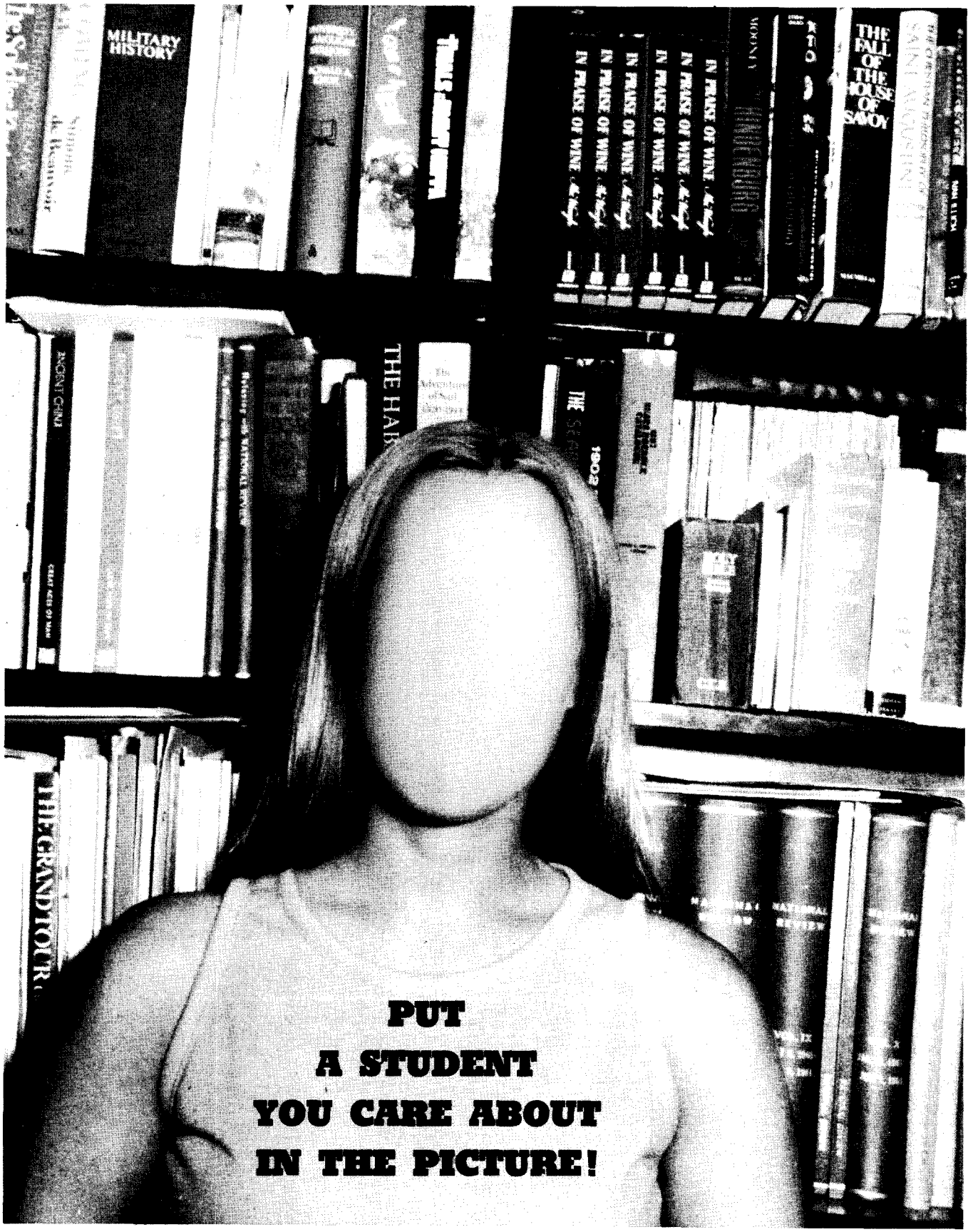
■ In Tennessee the judges have come to the aid of the Bible—by striking down a law requiring textbooks to provide equal space to the Biblical interpretation of the creation of the universe. Giving equal time to the Biblical interpretation would require giving equal time to, well, the Zoroastrian interpretation too, which the law didn't, rendering it unconstitutional. Concurring: Messrs. Scopes and Zoroaster. Dissenting: Eric Voegelin.

■ Victor Zorza tells the sad story of Ivan Khudenko, a Soviet agricultural expert who managed by automation and other up-to-date farming methods to reduce the work force on his farm by 90 per cent and to increase production by 200 per cent. This proved so embarrassing to agricultural authorities that he was sentenced to prison for six years, presumably as an "economic saboteur." The latest copy of the *Chronicle of Current Affairs* reports that he died in prison a year ago. Meanwhile, back in Kansas. . . .

■ On August 25, coincidental with the start of the meeting of the economically conservative Mont Pelerin Society, the Institute of Economic Affairs published a pamphlet by F. A. Hayek entitled *Full Employment at Any Price?* In it, Hayek refutes the Keynesian explanation for the cause of unemployment (insufficiency of aggregate demand) and says that inflation merely worsens the overall employment picture. "If we cannot escape the reappearance of substantial unemployment, this is not the effect of a failure of 'capitalism' or the market economy," he says, "but exclusively due to our own errors."

■ Life in these United States: Leroy Anderson was on his way, via police van, to the County Correctional Facility at Grasslands Reservation in Valhalla, New York, to await trial on the charge of robbery in the first degree. Before the van arrived in Valhalla, however, Mr. Anderson had made good his escape. Two days later, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's hard for a student to get the full picture these days: the influences at college still run from liberal to radical and there isn't much to choose from in the news media either. How do you prepare the student you know to face the scholastic and political rigors of academic life? We think we've got the answer. *Give National Review to the students you care about.* Not only does NR present a refreshing counterpoint to all the liberal and leftist pressure, but it is also an invaluable study aid—ideal for classroom discussions. Each issue of NR is filled with the kind of information a student should know and can use: commentary on domestic politics and trends, dispatches from global trouble spots, plus columns by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and more! What magazine could be better suited to a student's needs than NR, especially this year?

How to order a student subscription.

To give *National Review* to a student you know, just fill out the information on the card opposite this page, and remember to list the student's college address (if it isn't known yet, send it to us later). We'll see to it that the subscription is entered right away and announce your gift via a handsome card. And you'll be taking advantage of NR's special student rate: just $6.95 for 16 big issues, the full Academic Year! Mail the card today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was back in custody. Thanks to a tip from an anonymous source, two Mount Vernon policemen arrested the fugitive as he was in line at his local welfare office. While we don't want to take anything away from the two sleuths, Anderson had made their job a bit easier by leaving his handcuffs on.

■ *Ms.* magazine's cover person for August, in case you missed it, was Pam Grier, actress. Ms. Grier plays beautiful but tough black mamas who avenge evil—but let *Ms.* tell it: "In *Foxy Brown* she avenges the cold-blooded slaying of her brother and boyfriend by castrating the villain, putting his penis in a jar filled with pickling juice, and making a present of it to his girlfriend." Ms. Grier's "are the only films to come out of Hollywood in a long time to show us a woman who is independent, resourceful, self-confident, strong, and courageous. Above all, they are the only films to show us a woman who triumphs!" Guess Kate Hepburn is too old for such parts.

Ford on the Road

Taking advantage of his Colorado vacation to tour the cities, towns, and county fairs of the plains and prairies, President Ford gave us an early look at his 1976 campaign themes and commenced his—so far largely rhetorical—zag to the right. To adapt Walter Bagehot, this was at least in part the "physics of politics." The only substantial threat to Ford now comes from the Right, in the form of Reagan and Wallace; it is therefore required that Ford move to pre-empt as much of that territory as possible. Very effective in folksy small talk, though bland in his prepared speeches, Ford nevertheless met with a warm and often enthusiastic reception from his fellow citizens of the heartland, and in the coming months we can expect to hear many changes rung on the following themes.

Ford is going to run as a "pragmatic" but not "doctrinaire" conservative. He will be no "zealot" as they used to put it, intending a compliment, in the palmy days of the Nixon White House. He repeatedly pledged his allegiance to "fiscal responsibility." He got a good response when he said that he wished "to lift the heavy hand of government from business" and also "free the individual citizen from the pressures of a faceless bureaucracy." Those who recall the 1968 Nixon campaign might have smiled when Ford's writers lifted without acknowledgment the lines from Nixon's famous Silent Majority speech about "the great, great American majority that does the nation's work, pays the nation's bills, provides for the nation's defense, and obeys the nation's laws." Stirring lines, now as in 1968, and the theme could be expanded upon if necessary to become a strong bid for the blue-collar Wallace constituency.

The President added to his anti-Big Government themes by mildly questioning the wisdom of forced busing. He will have to go much further there, and, indeed, it will be surprising if this theme does not become a major motif as the political season wears on. The issue is an infallible torpedo aimed squarely at the vitals of the national Democratic Party; on this issue the 1976 Democratic Convention cannot fail to split wide open.

On foreign policy, Ford warned the Soviets to cease playing takeover in Portugal, came out for a military "second to none," and stressed the need for an effective CIA.

All of the above, of course, is rhetoric as contrasted with action, and those who recall a famous remark of Mr. Ford's distinguished predecessor—"Let 'em eat rhetoric"—will of course cast an appraising eye upon performance.

In Washington, the word is that Ford plans to fight hard both in the primaries and in the election for conservative votes. We shall see.

Sinai Sand Trap?

The "interim agreement" now being negotiated between Israel and Egypt by Secretary Kissinger should be held up to the light and carefully examined before receiving congressional approval. The negotiations have not yet been completed, and the details that have been settled are not fully available, though euphoric sounds are becoming audible in Washington. Nevertheless, a number of the points so far disclosed are at least debatable from the standpoint of the American national interest. The following matters call for the most searching sort of discussion:

1. An undisclosed number of "technicians" are apparently to be stationed in the tactically important Giddi and Mitla passes, and it is intended that they will monitor possible violations of the agreements. In theory, their presence will enhance the stability of the region; and there is speculation that this American "presence" is the forerunner of a full-fledged U.S. security treaty with Israel that eventually will permit the Israelis to withdraw to their 1967 borders.

Some skepticism about those "technicians," however, is certainly called for. Will they not be hostages and, in the event of another conflict, make U.S. military involvement all the more likely—if not automatic? Are not Palestinian terrorist attacks on these "technicians" entirely likely? Will they not be the subject of constant contention?—e.g., as to whether any of the "technicians," stationed on Egyptian soil, can be Jewish Americans. And so on.

Curiously, the Israelis, who have always insisted that they neither needed nor wanted U.S. personnel, are now making such a U.S. presence the sine qua non of an "interim agreement." And, equally curiously, such long-term congressional allies of Israel as Senators Jackson and Mansfield have been objecting to any such "presence." All of this has a Machiavellian smell, and the "interim agreement" may well not come to pass at all.

2. Because Israel is returning to Egypt the Abu Rudeis oil fields, seized in the Six Day War, the U.S. will pay the $350 million per year it will cost Israel to replace the oil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEETING OF THE MINDS

Two of the best known intellectuals in the world face each other for the first time on television on

FIRING LINE

An exclusive one hour dialogue between

HENRY J. KISSINGER
&
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE WEEK OF SEPT. 19TH ON PBS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it has been pumping. Just why the U.S. taxpayer ought to compensate the Israelis for returning Egyptian property is a question that ought to be pressed. After all, the Israelis seized the oil fields in the first place with U.S. equipment, and could not have held them for eight years without massive doses of the same.

3. The price tag on the overall settlement also should be examined. The figure of $3.5 billion is now being bandied about in Washington—an outright grant which Israel would not have to repay, though much of it undoubtedly would be spent in the U.S. for more military hardware.

4. Since this agreement will be stamped "Made in America," we are sure to be blamed if anything goes wrong—which, as Mideast history demonstrates, is as certain as taxes.

5. According to the major Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz*, the interim agreement includes a secret Israeli-U.S. section of some forty clauses. That seems a few too many.

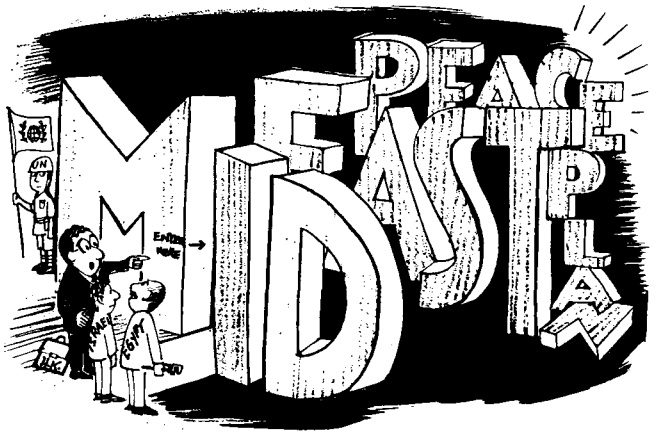
6. Though not part of the agreement currently being negotiated, the following is certainly very much a part of the existential situation. According to newspaper reports in London, the U.S. Government, following the 1967 Six Day War, made available to the Israelis the technology necessary for the production of atomic bombs. According to *Time* (August 25), Israel is now believed to possess "at least ten nuclear bombs with twenty-kiloton yield," i.e., comparable to the Nagasaki bomb. If these reports are true, then U.S. policy in this regard raises the most serious political, strategic, and—not least—legal issues.

In sum, the Kissinger package as currently—and incompletely—reported raises the question of whether we are not being drawn more deeply and more directly into the Middle East conflict, concluding obscure agreements, paying through the nose for the privilege, and falling short of realizing a general settlement.

How Not to Combat Terrorism

Some years ago, as terrorist skyjacking, kidnapping, and blackmail operations began spreading on a global scale, the State Department came to an intelligent decision: that "the United States," i.e., its officials and employees, will not accede to terrorist demands and will not join or aid any negotiations with terrorists. This is the only rational attitude toward terrorist kidnapping and blackmail. Though terrorism for purely destructive, subversive, or military ends would not be affected, terrorist kidnapping and blackmail designed to get money or concessions of this or that sort are rendered nonproductive by the refusal to deal.

In May, an African terrorist outfit kidnapped three students in Tanzania, two of them Americans from Stanford University. In July they were released after payment of a $40,000 ransom. It transpired that the U.S. Ambassador to Tanzania, W. Beverly Carter, in direct



Harris, Canada Rothco

". . . you just go straight through."

and knowing violation of the State Department's policy, had taken an active part in the negotiations with the terrorists. He gave the diplomatic protection of the embassy to two of the terrorists who showed up there, had an embassy officer accompany the students' parents to a rendezvous with the terrorists, and had the ransom money sent to Dar es Salaam by the U.S. diplomatic pouch.

When Secretary Kissinger learned these facts, he was understandably outraged. He suspended the expected appointment of Carter as ambassador to Denmark, and it was assumed that Carter would be—as he most certainly should be—fired from the Foreign Service, or as a minimum shunted to a routine, back burner job. But Carter is black, and as word got around, the combination of pseudo-race, pseudo-humanitarian, and anti-Kissinger issues proved too seductive for the congressional Black Caucus, the *New York Times*, and sundry influential liberal types to resist. They are denouncing Kissinger for his "tough-guy complex" (black columnist Carl Rowan's phrase) and hailing Carter as the hero of Lake Victoria.

The State Department policy wholly depends for its effectiveness on unquestioned and unquestionable credibility. Even one deviation, like this multiple dereliction of Carter's, must take months or even years to recover from. There should be no condoning Carter's offense. Secretary Kissinger is altogether right in stating, "If terrorist groups get the impression that they can force a negotiation with the United States and an acquiescence in their demands, then we may save lives in one place at the risk of hundreds of lives everywhere else."

How Long, O Burger . . .

"Louisville, Ky., Aug. 25 (AP)—The Jefferson County School Board will ask a U.S. Supreme Court Justice today to delay busing of 22,600 Louisville-area students until a court-ordered desegregation plan can be appealed to the high court. The U.S. Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, in Cincinnati, has ordered U.S. District Judge James F. Gordon in Louisville to put the desegregation plan in effect when schools open September 4, even if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeals are still pending. A three-judge panel of the Sixth Circuit Court last week denied a request by the school board for a stay of the busing pending an appeal to the Supreme Court, and only the intervention of a Supreme Court Justice can now legally delay the busing program."

The above item was not composed by a satirist but, rather, came over the wire service as straight news. Though numerous local variations exist—the Boston School Board, for example, now conducts business in the courtroom of Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity—the same sort of thing emanates in a steady stream from Detroit, Denver, Indianapolis, Dayton, Baltimore, Wilmington, Racine, Dallas, Stockton, and elsewhere.

The relative absence of violence in connection with forced busing is a tribute to, or comment on, the apparently limitless patience of the American people. Their ancestors, celebrated in song and verse, whose deeds we will duly commemorate next year, would very likely have conducted a Boston Bus Party long before matters reached their present absurd juncture. The fact that busing is still with us on a major scale dramatizes a profound problem in the present operation of the American system. After all, as nearly everyone agrees, no evidence suggests that such busing accomplishes any educational goal, and, as everyone agrees, the overwhelming majority of Americans oppose it. And yet we have it. The fact makes a mockery of self-government. In this and other important respects the political and legal system has come to resemble the ancient brontosaurus, an enormous reptile with a tiny brain and huge carcass, and minimum communication between the two.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that most people regard the operation of the courts with total cynicism, that increasing numbers of people could not care less about the fate of the two major parties, and that, for example, in New York most people could not care less whether Hugh Beame or Abe Carey or Giscard d'Estaing runs the failing city.

Enlightened Self-Interest

Mobil Oil surprised a lot of people by opposing immediate decontrol of the price of "old" domestic oil. The *New York Times* promptly praised the firm's "commendable sense of public responsibility" as an example of "enlightened self-interest at its best." As it happens, Mobil has lower reserves of domestic crude oil than any of its major competitors, and therefore has to import more costly OPEC oil. Mobil's latest joint venture with the Saudi Arabian state oil company indicates little inclination to move toward greater development of domestic resources.

Under the FEA entitlements program, refiners who have more than the average proportion of old oil, now under price controls at $5.25 a barrel, have to pay those who have less. That's the government's way of equalizing the "haves" of old oil with the "have nots." This lowers the net cost of imported oil to firms given entitlements to controlled domestic oil, and thus subsidizes foreign oil producers at the expense of domestic oil producers. In March and April, Mobil received entitlements to almost 1.4 million barrels of $5.25 oil, and these entitlements must, under the program, be bought by firms with a lot of old oil (e.g., Citco and Kerr-McGee) at a price of over $7 each. That's a lot of money moving toward the import-dependent companies, like Mobil, from those that are self-sufficient. "Unhappily," said Mobil, "we recognize that a program of phased decontrol will mean the retention of some allocation and entitlements system."

They All Liked Ike

They used to say it wasn't Ike
  But all those types around him;
Now Ford, they say, is much alike
  When end results astound him.
A smile is what the voter digs,
  And polls say folks like Jerry,
But I believe we'll join the Whigs
  Within the cemetery.

W. H. VON DREELE

Reversing the Flow

Canada, not long ago our primary foreign oil supplier but now down in fourth place behind Venezuela, Nigeria, and Saudi Arabia, is about to become a net importer of oil—a change that is the result of, surprise, tax policies and prices paid to oil producers. Currently, Canada both imports and exports oil because it has no feasible way of getting its own oil from its western wells to its eastern industries—though a pipeline will be completed late next year. Therefore, it has sold some of its own oil to the western U.S. and imported oil for its eastern consumers from Venezuela and the Middle East.

But last year, while Canadian consumption was increasing, Venezuela cut her exports to Canada and Canadian oil production declined. Now the government has raised the wellhead price of oil to $8 a barrel, but the increase trickling down to the drilling companies will only be between 15 and 35 cents a barrel, an amount insufficient to spur lagging exploratory operations. Disgruntled oilmen are also subject to double taxation: they must pay "royalties" to western provinces, payments which the federal government refuses to consider as valid tax deductions. The end result may be further reduction in the flow of oil to the U.S. (already down from 31 per cent of the American market for foreign oil in 1973 to 13 per cent at the beginning of this year). It may be eliminated altogether by 1982.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gifthorse?

The change of government in Bangladesh was a palace coup, not a social revolution. Its general precondition was the dreadful, seemingly hopeless state of the Bangladesh economy, but it was specifically provoked by Sheik Mujibur Rahman's personal character and conduct: his haughty imperial pretensions, arbitrariness, nepotism, and especially the corruption pervading his regime. He had antagonized the regular army by favoring the Rakshi Bahini, the paramilitary force that played a considerable role in the struggle for independence that was finally decided by India's intervention, and by his niggardly treatment of the 28,000 officers and men of the regular army who came back in 1973 from imprisonment in Pakistan.

The April 15 coup was carried out by soldiers of the regular army, in particular a tank regiment based in Dacca, the capital. A contingent surrounded Mujib's house at 3 A.M., shot him and his family when they appeared on the doorstep, and proclaimed a new government, with Mushtaque Ahmed as president, at 6:30. The police, the army, and the Rakshi Bahini accepted the fait accompli.

Though the operation sprang, thus, from domestic causes, it became at once apparent that there would be repercussions beyond as well as inside the borders. Mujib's Bangladesh—naturally enough, from the circumstances of its origin—was pretty much an Indian satellite, pro-Soviet, anti-China, anti-Pakistan, and anti-U.S. Although a large majority of its population is Moslem, Mujib, with his eye on Hindu India and his own Hindu minority, had christened Bangladesh a "Democratic Secular Republic." Pakistani President Ali Bhutto thought, mistakenly, that the new rulers had changed the official description to the "Islamic Democratic Republic of Bangladesh"—and the government of Islamic Pakistan became the first to recognize Ahmed's government. However, President Bhutto was mistaken only about the country's name, not about its new religious orientation. "Because we are bound to our Arab brothers by unshakable bonds of religious and cultural fraternity, Bangladesh will always stand by the Arabs in their just struggle to remove the Israeli aggressors from their territory," declared Ahmed on August 17, drawing out the implications of his strongly pro-Moslem position.

Ahmed is an old hand in the politics of the subcontinent. He is a veteran of the struggle for Indian independence from Britain, of Pakistan's struggle for independence from India, and of Bangladesh's struggle for independence from Pakistan. He has the reputation of being more or less pro-American, and it seems likely that the close Bangladesh relations with Moscow will at least cool off somewhat. It is expected that Peking and Dacca will soon, for the first time, recognize each other diplomatically.

The changes will be considerably less than 180°, but none of them can be pleasing to the new and aspiring empress of the Indies: none less so than the demonstration of how easily and quickly a despotic ruler on the subcontinent, governing by emergency decree and corruption, can be toppled.

Free Speech and Spending

The lawsuit being brought by Senator Buckley and former Senator Eugene McCarthy against the post-Watergate campaign funding law has run into a thick but not impenetrable wall of judicial goo. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, one of the most liberal in the nation, has ruled, 6 to 2, that the legislation is constitutional. But oh what a beating they gave the First Amendment that day.

In fact, the First Amendment has become a ball of silly putty in recent years. People whose blood freezes at the thought of not being allowed to publish government secrets in New York newspapers, whose hearts fail when pornographers are prevented from pandering their wares, who faint at the suggestion that such non-verbal acts as flag-burnings and blood-pourings are not speech and hence not entitled to constitutional protection—have no doubt about the constitutionality of a law that restricts candidates from spending their own money to get out their political messages, which prevents citizens from contributing to candidates and even from taking out advertisements in newspapers on behalf of the candidates of their choice. "No one can doubt," argues the majority, "the compelling government interest in preserving the integrity of the system of elections through which citizens exercise the core right of a free democracy." Clearly this is a law which must violate freedom of speech in order to preserve it. "Never before in our history," wrote dissenting Judge Tamm, "has the government attempted to regulate the quantity of debate in the political arena. . . . This type of paternalism in the area of ideas and political communication is, or should be, completely alien to our democratic system of government." The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court.

Battle of the Books

In a great many communities across the nation, acute tension exists between parents and schools over curriculum content and prevailing faculty attitudes. The struggle is a many-faceted one, but it is essentially over lifestyle. Many teachers currently in the classrooms were college undergraduates during the 1960s and they have brought with them the fashionable radical attitudes of that decade. Whether or not these younger teachers constitute a majority on a given faculty, they can usually make their weight felt, and often their influence can be definitive. The same is true of the editorial staffs of textbook publishers, the designers of educational material, and so on. What can be called "progressive chic" is a powerful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force, and the rising protest against it extends far beyond the boundaries of rural West Virginia.

The conflict, as might be expected, is especially acute in the fields of history and social studies. Henry Ford was not the only person who thought that history is bunk; similar attitudes pervade progressive chic. The students, under progressive chic, do not spend much time with "narrative history"—that is, with dates, biography, facts of different kinds, supposedly important episodes. Instead, they are provided with kits of "raw" historical materials of different kinds and asked to "make up their own minds." As a matter of fact, the "raw" historical materials are not really raw, since the designer of the kit has made the prior selection. The purported aim is to teach the method of historical analysis. In practice, the students often end up debating such burning issues as whether or not Abraham Lincoln was a "racist." In practice, the teacher frequently inculcates a habitual debunking attitude toward the past; to *épater* the middle American becomes a kind of intellectual nervous tic. One consequence of the method, apart from its undesirable political implications, is that students emerge with little or no historical sense, little or no sense of the pastness of the past or of the irreducible quality of time. In addition, the discipline of pertinence is lost: the question of whether Lincoln was a "racist" is certainly not central to the study of Lincoln in history.

During the next few years, this conflict can be expected to intensify. So far, the various parent groups involved in it tend to be immersed in their own local struggles, relatively unaware of the similar struggle that may be going on in the neighboring school district or just across the state line. But the various groups are bound to become aware of each other, and then the fight will take on a national dimension. This could become an explosive development, weighted with political implications, as early as next year.

Madame Solomon Come to Judgment

From the transcript of *Meet the Press*, August 24:

JAMES L. GREENFIELD (of the *New York Times*): Why not put the people [who have been arrested] on trial? You have a good court system. Why not let the world know what they were about to do?

PRIME MINISTER GANDHI: How would the world know what they were about to do?

GREENFIELD: I think if you had trials and you tried them and it was explained that they were threatening to endanger your country. But none of that is available. There is not a free press now in India, even to reporters. I think if you had a free press or allowed information to get out and put people on trial they would understand your problem more. Do you agree? Why not a free trial?

GANDHI: Court cases go on for years and years, and it is very difficult to prove anything. If a person has not personally indulged in arson or whatever, you couldn't convict him. What we have done in a large number of cases is preventive detention, because we had information that this might happen. Not that the particular individual might do it but that a situation was being created which would lead to violence.

Nazi Hunter

Elizabeth Holtzman's a liberal who
Pursues her priorities just like a Sioux.
Most recently, she's been demanding to know
Exactly why Kissinger's acting so slow.
Sure, Hitler is dead, but a few are around,
And Holtzman's for driving them into the ground.
Comeuppance for Nazis is what the girl plugs,
So don't be a pest over Stalinist thugs.

W. H. VON DREELE

Fooling the Consumer

Consumers Union has been gradually transformed, under the directorship of Betty Furness, Herbert Denenberg, and Ralph Nader, from a reliable source of product information into an oracle for promoting a specific view of what is good for consumers. CU lawyers have 13 legal battles in process, and the pages of *Consumer Reports* are increasingly filled with opinionated articles of mixed quality on such subjects as gasoline rationing and national health insurance. The magazine also serves as a vehicle for distributing controversial books, such as Barry Commoner's *Closing Circle*, the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project's *A Time to Choose*, and Ralph Nader's book on pensions. "We would be an incomplete consumer organization," says CU Director Rhoda Karpatkin, "if we didn't provide a consumer voice." But Consumers Union can only claim to provide a voice for some portion of its readers, not for all consumers, and the only reader control over that voice is the right to pick seven of the twenty directors annually from a preselected list of 13 names.

All of this activism has not been without cost. The price of a subscription rose by an unconscionable 37.5 per cent last year, readership dropped by more than 200,000, and the organization's budget deficit is pushing $1.4 million. A new computerized subscription-processing system has proved to be a lemon, and *Consumer Reports* has had to apologize to its remaining readers for not doing a better job of minding its own business. "Our readers are the people who could probably best survive without us," says a CU official, and an increasing number of readers apparently agree. Now Ralph Nader has decided to quit the organization and has announced that he can better use the time he has been spending on CU—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten days a year. Just think: a $1.4-million deficit and a loss of 200,000 readers on only ten days a year.

Bless Our Soul, Brother

Eldridge Cleaver, the former minister of information for the Black Panthers, told an interviewer from radical chic *Rolling Stone*:

"After all my travels and seeing the socialists' world up close, really seeing how the Soviet Union and China function, well, I now think that the U.S. should be second to none militarily. . . .

"I think in sort of evolutionary terms—that the United States is really the most highly evolved nation in the world. I use the rights of the people as a barometer for that. Again, change—a lot more change—has to occur. The people need more rights. But these days socialism is always shown representing the future. However, experience has shown socialists/communists strap onto people the most oppressive regimes in the history of the world."

The interviewer was flabbergasted. After several more paragraphs like the above, he tried to get Cleaver to talk like Cleaver: ". . . *The CIA, when it was first formed in the Forties, was made up of liberals, men who really believed in a positive form of internationalism, but damned if they didn't turn into paranoid commie-under-the-rug types.*" To which Mr. Cleaver responded: "But there *were* commies under the rugs." "*Jesus, Eldridge . . .*"

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am amused by Gilbert Cranberg's badgering of Mr. Buckley over a possible conflict of interest in WFB's syndicated column (*NR*, June 6).

Cranberg criticizes from his post as Chairman of the Professional Standards Committee, National Conference of Editorial Writers and as Assistant Editorial Page Editor of the *Des Moines Register* and *Tribune*.

For those of you who live far from the heartland of America, the *Register* is a liberal, monopolistic daily whose editorial page polemicists not only make no disclosure of their interests (pecuniary or otherwise) in matters they expound, they fail to identify themselves to their readers.

An analysis of most of their editorial trumpery reveals why they seek anonymity.

Perhaps Mr. Cranberg should clean his own doorstep.

Very truly yours,
Richard A. Petersen
Sabula, Iowa

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Some months ago I happened upon a review of Stephen Birmingham's *Real Lace* in your publication written by my cousin, John Murray Cuddihy. The review exhibited a pique that I thought odd in so savvy a creature as Jack Cuddihy.

Recently I completed reading the book and concluded that it is, indeed, defective but not in the way your reviewer had it. Although, all in all, the book is diverting, generous, and reserved, it is unbalanced. (I leave aside obvious but unimportant errors of fact with which he embellished his narrative.)

To add a personal note, I have exiled myself from the clan for ten years (having failed several years before the rest of McDonnell & Co.) and, a wanderer, have been a faithful viewer of *Firing Line* in Florida, the Virgin Islands (where you come in blurred), New Mexico, Michigan, and Oregon. I made the mistake of coming here to Canada where you don't come in at all. The deprivation is too great so I'm moving back to N.Y. where your signal is strongest.

I'd like to meet you sometime to express my personal appreciation. In addition to the intense pleasure and irritation I weekly obtain from tuning you in, you've involuntarily helped me to get rid of my wife.

For years she sat on the floor on Sunday night and tensed up when you flickered into the kitchen. (My TV set is in the kitchen due to some investment errors I made in the past.) Goose pimples, of an unusual color and size, would appear on the inside of her arms and along her right lower leg. She would make loud noises of approval and assorted admiring sounds and sighs when you got off a particularly good thrust. (Which I thought, in all fairness, was not that often.)

I told her that "Billie Boy" (a derisive name I coined for you) was damn good, but goddam it, not all that good. Well, she wouldn't quit. After 10:30 of a Sunday night, life was a torture. She'd end up in bed with a copy of the NATIONAL REVIEW and a picture of you that she kept in the drawer under her you know what.

So I finally got rid of her, God save my black soul. You've done much good, Mr. Buckley, and breaking up inappropriate marriages is just one of a long list of fine achievements.

Sincerely,
Gerard J. McDonnell
Coldwater, Ontario

Dear Mr. McDonnell:

I think I'd be glad to see you, but I'm not *absolutely* sure. We might try . . .

Cordially,
WFB

■ To the Editor:

Exploiting conversations of a personal, philosophical, off-the-record nature in order to illustrate a contemporary journalistic analysis may provide interesting reading,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but represents a betrayal of the first order to me and to the informants who received Mr. F. Reid Buckley on his second trip to Chile. We were specifically told that we were helping him gather descriptive, historical background for a piece of fiction, not material bound to arouse considerable debate—not to say passions—in this highly politically charged, beleaguered country of mine. I refer to his article "Death of a Republic: An Impression" *(NR*, August 1).

Mr. Buckley's perennial introduction card was his future novel to be set in Chile expounding the Marxist-and-Christian-doctrines-don't-go-together thesis. Not once did he mention the word "article" to the Chileans he met during the time I spent with him interviewing the gamut of "prominent right-wing or conservative leaders," the "impressive Eduardo Frei," left-wing Christian Democrats, Marxist-Christians, and military authorities who deferentially showed him much more confidential data and operational procedures than any other writer or journalist has ever had access to (or will, thanks to him).

As an expression of gratitude we find that Mr. Buckley has laid bare details of a strictly private conversation with a highly respected ex-president of Chile; neglected to mention the continuing underground, left-wing terrorist activities he learned about; and made mention of frequent covert meetings which seem like testimony to his remarkable physical stamina, since at no time during those "15-hour days" while I was his cicerone did any such covert meetings take place in my presence.

Mr. Buckley's kind description of myself and of Chileans in general is gratifying in this hopefully well-meaning and well written article, but one wonders if we wouldn't prefer to be found *unsimpáticos* rather than be betrayed.

Nena Ossa
Santiago, Chile

The opinions I expressed and the interpretations I drew are mine, and in no way is Miss Ossa responsible for them. Miss Ossa was with me neither at all times nor at all my meetings, and I met with some people whom she knew not at all and whom she had no hand in introducing me to. The opinions and interpretations in the article derive not solely from my two visits to Chile but from concurrent and subsequent readings of many many thousands of words written on the present circumstances of the country.

She is correct in saying that my credentials are those of a novelist, not a journalist, and it was as a novelist that I went to Chile and as a novelist that I presented myself; it was and remains my principal interest. The people I met, and what they said, and what impressions I took away with me, plainly will be the fundament on which I am building the current novel, and that novel will explore in greater detail and I hope in greater depth the ideas I set down in article form. I took what I believed was care in betraying no confidences. If I slipped,

"I respect her great talents as artist and writer, but in the interests of detente, it would be altogether inappropriate for me to see Shirley MacLaine."

it is in the direct quotation I made from General Parakes and a quotation I used from my interview with ex-president Eduardo Frei, but I can't believe that Señor Frei would object to this rendition, in summary form, of a position expressed in his own writings.

I was indeed given access to much extremely useful information comprising the bulk of several thousand words in note form, not one of which appeared in my article. My indiscretions amount to my having mentioned that Marxist literature can't be picked up at bookstores, and must be sought elsewhere, which will surprise nobody; that the government is "iron-fisted" in political dealings with matters Marxist, which is publicly stated policy for which the government makes no excuses; that there is a curfew, and that in July it was stringently enforced; and that back in July the paramilitary Carabineros were a jumpy tough lot, but by January the tension so evident six months before had relaxed.

When I went to Chile, I had no intention of writing an article and solely the intention of collecting material for my novel. Miss Ossa worked her heart out to give me as good an impression of her country as anyone could get, by the hour explaining to me Chile's plight under Allende. She is not responsible for the conclusions I took back with me, nor is she responsible for my having prepublished those conclusions in journalistic form. Without her efforts, I think it is worth underscoring, I'd not have come to understand in a personal and human way just what fate was lying in wait for Chile under Salvador Allende, and from what fate the military coup saved her country. That I cannot share her own support for the current regime I can only regret; and that she feels I misled her, I regret all the more.

F. Reid Buckley
Camden, South Carolina

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Calculations

IT IS A CURIOUS fact of life in a democracy that people out of office, patriots all, find themselves in a position to profit from the country's afflictions and embarrassments, and cannot resist the temptation to enjoy them, just a bit. There has been a lot for out-of-office politicians, and especially conservative Republicans, to enjoy since President Ford stepped on the Solzhenitsyn banana peel and began a complicated pratfall that has continued for weeks.

After Solzhenitsyn came the great Callaway Caper, in which Howard "Bo" Callaway demonstrated that as a big-time campaign manager he makes a crackerjack Secretary of the Army, which he was until recently. Mr. Ford, the caliber of whose political judgment should not be judged—should it?—by his selection of Callaway, selected him because he is a Southerner and a conservative. He is supposed to attract to Mr. Ford's banner so many Southern gentlemen that Reagan will say, "Oh, the hell with it," and retire to the life of a gentleman rancher. In fact, Reagan may be having some trouble with Southern gentlemen, but that is Mr. Ford's doing, not Callaway's. Mr. Ford sent Callaway forth to say that Nelson Rockefeller is expendable, but Callaway did it with such gusto that Mr. Ford was driven to comforting Rockefeller with what sounded rather like an endorsement for the vice presidential nomination.

Then came the Helsinki conference, before, during, and after which Mr. Ford and his agents were in the unheroic posture of insisting that the whole affair was not as much of a sham or mistake as critics on all sides were saying. Then came the sudden greening of Betty Ford, who became a fountain of fascinating facts about Fords, young and not-so-young. Then came inflation, again.

One year ago Mr. Ford declared inflation "public enemy number one." But like Patty Hearst, the fugitive is at liberty. One year after Mr. Ford vowed to stab inflation to death with WIN buttons and wrap the corpse in WIN flags, inflation is winning. It was roaring along at an annual rate of 14.4 per cent in July, or 12.2 per cent over the last two months. It is not quite fair to call this real double-digit (over 10 per cent) inflation yet. That probably will not happen until next year. But what matters today is what is happening today, and what is happening is that the series of recent events has served to fire the determination of Reaganites at a time when, had things gone differently, Mr. Ford might have been facing a free ride all the way to the 1976 nomination.

Consider, for example, the matter of Mrs. Ford. If Reagan supporters had their way, Mrs. Ford would have a prime time television talk show. True, Mr. Ford cannot be blamed for what Mrs. Ford does. (You remember what the gentleman in Dickens says the law is—an ass—if the law holds a man responsible for the behavior of his wife.) And, yes, in November 1976, Mrs. Ford's remarks—assuming they have ceased or mellowed—will not win or lose Mr. Ford a thimbleful of votes. But then is then and now is now, and now is the time when Reagan and his men are deciding whether it is worthwhile trying to take the nomination away from an incumbent President whose political views, truth be told, are not deeply offensive to them.

Politics is a matter of animal spirits more than ideas, and Solzhenitsyn, Mrs. Ford, and Soviet grain buyers have come along to stir the animal spirits of conservatives. Partly as a result of this, the initial direct mail fund-raising appeal on Reagan's behalf has been remarkably successful—a 15 per cent return, an average contribution of about $20. "Now," says Nevada's freshman Republican Senator Paul Laxalt, head of Citizens for Reagan, "we have everything but a candidate, and I'm sure we'll have that soon." The question is: Is even "soon" too late?

Reagan's nomination must be based on a "Southern strategy." At the 1976 convention there will be at least 606 delegates (if several Southern states elect Republican governors this year, the states will get bonus delegates) from what the Republican National Committee classifies as Southern states (including Oklahoma). That is more than half of the 1,130 needed to nominate. Reagan will need the lion's share of them to win. But when Republican leaders from 12 Southern and two border states met recently, Callaway came away "enormously satisfied" and Laxalt came away distressed, saying, "It is time for a decision. . . . The atmosphere would be entirely different if Reagan were a declared candidate. I've done what I can to offset their [the Southern leaders'] skepticism. But these people are pros." Clarke Reed of Mississippi, the most thoroughly professional of the lot, said: "There's a lot stronger Ford sentiment than I had thought. They're thinking Reagan is a little late getting into it and Ford is beginning to look like a winner." According to very reliable reports (from David Broder of the *Washington Post*), four Southern state chairmen promised Callaway they would publicly endorse Mr. Ford, and at least four more said they would give Mr. Ford private commitments.

SOME OF Reagan's critics, including some impatient admirers, say that his failure to declare his candidacy by now is a sign of frivolousness, or at least a sign that he does not have the necessary zest for the grueling ordeal. But it is more than likely that Reagan's current posture is a sign of neither of those defects. The longer he waits before announcing his candidacy, the longer he will benefit from the wide exposure he has received through his syndicated column and radio show, both of which will stop the instant he officially announces. And as soon as he is a candidate, his expenses will be docked against the $10-million pre-convention spending limit. The longer he waits to declare, the more he will be able to conserve and stretch the $10 million. Reagan may have incorrectly weighed these advantages against the advantage of becoming an announced candidate by now. But his calculation is that of a candidate. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Decolonial Meditations

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

WITH THE BREAKUP of the Portuguese empire, the decolonial epoch is closing, a generation after it started. The record suggests how hard it often is to tell whether the moving finger is writing tragedy or farce.

Of late the farcical component has been ascendant. Idi Amin, for sample. As theater, Big Daddy's antics are the purest farce in the classic slapstick tradition. His appearance is enough to identify him. The Marx Brothers way he jumps in and out of racing cars, airplanes, tanks. The wives he shows off to bystanders. The exuberance with which he joins the dancing, parading, beating, shooting. Those hilarious messages to the Queen, the President, the UN Secretary General, the Pope. As theater, even all those killings are just Punch in the puppet show knocking everyone down with his stick.

Strange how no one, of any race or continent, pays much attention to the killings in the liberated zone. A dozen killed or tortured, a couple of hundred jailed without due process, in an ex-imperial state and the Conscience of the World explodes. But 100,000 Ugandans fed to the crocodiles, a quarter-million Hutu chopped up in Burundi, a few hundred thousand Biafrans or upper Sudanese liquidated, or who knows how many Cambodians . . . Hardly anyone can remember even the names of the countries where the mass killings have taken place. No one would believe you today if you mentioned that a million or two persons were killed in the communal fighting that accompanied the liberation of India and Pakistan.

To get back to Big Daddy. He was host, this summer, to the annual summit conference of the Organization of African Unity, and was chosen as chairman for the coming year. He was thus acknowledged by his peers as an appropriate symbol for liberated Africa.

It was Amin, too, who produced a familiar bedroom farce, with scene shifted to the restroom of a Paris airport, where his lady foreign minister enjoyed the embrace of a doughty paramour. A couple of months later, the president of one of the little OAU countries (like everyone else, I've forgotten the name) went Amin one better by finding and shooting *his* foreign minister in bed with the presidential wife.

Behind UN Footlights

The UN serves as a repertory theater for farce productions. Where else than in a theater specializing in farce could Fiji, Barbados, Maldive, Qatar, and—the newest players—Cape Verde and San Tomé be billed as Independent, Sovereign Nations? Among the heavies, Mother India offers her own unique absurdities. No mouths on earth have uttered such an abundance of vacuous pieties as the mouths of India's spokesmen in their role as moral preceptors to mankind. Nor is their rhetoric pausing for breath as India sets a new world speed record for liquidating freedom.

The liberated sector has had rough going lately. The head of government of the largest black state lost his seat when he ventured to leave it empty for a few days. The leader of what passes for an opposition in Kenya turned up murdered, apparently by high police officials, one recent morning. India, with half the liberated population, completed the shift of the ex-colonies to domestic despotism. The liberation movements in Angola have begun mass killing. The ruling cadre in Bangladesh was killed off as the mass of the population sank further into starvation and disease. Cambodia vanished. Racial fighting between Moslems and blacks resumed in upper Sudan.

When the imperialists pulled out, they bequeathed to their ex-subjects model democratic constitutions drawn up by professors at the London School of Economics, Harvard, or the Sorbonne, and a thin stratum of locals trained to one or another degree in Western ways—especially in verbal attainments. India's current shift appears, from a wider perspective, as more or less completing the process of sloughing off those alien constitutions. In at least some areas of the liberated sector the partly Westernized elite is also being replaced by native products.

India was the critical test of decolonization, not only for the colonial peoples but for Western liberals and progressives, who have a huge moral stake in India. The recent news from India and Bangladesh (which was part of colonial India), added to the rest of the record, prompts such questions as: Was liberation a good thing? How does it seem now to inhabitants of the liberated countries? Do they sometimes wish the old imperial masters were back in the saddle? Naturally these are idle questions: there are no reruns of history.

Idle Questions

Not only have the rosier hopes of the blessings that would flow from decolonization been disappointed; in most of the liberated sector the masses of the population are worse off materially than in the old colonial days, and possess no more—mostly less—political freedom. This does not mean they would opt for a return to colonial status if given a chance. The large majority live now as before at a minimum subsistence level, and most people at a subsistence level probably don't care much—don't even know in many cases—who is master in the remote capital. But even those of the badly off who form opinions on such matters may prefer their own son of a bitch as master instead of an alien white, whatever the material consequences. Of course many members of the governing elite—those who stay alive and unjailed—are enjoying juicy decolonial fruits, from Mercedes, farms, and Swiss bank accounts to Westchester swimming pools on their UN missions. In fact, they can get the best of the old and new worlds: not only skimming the local cream, in the manner of privileged classes everywhere and always, but taking their cut also from the profits that the multinational corporations somehow continue to harvest after as before liberation.

The picture is too blurred for definition. So far as the farcical component goes, it is perhaps nowhere more conspicuous than in the solemnity and passivity with which the representatives of the civilized nations accept the abuse and nonsense pouring from the mouths of the liberated orators. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Panama Question: An Alternative to U.S. Defeatism

ROBERT S. STROTHER

1 THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

THE GOVERNMENTS OF the United States and Panama are moving toward a dangerous confrontation over a tangled and perhaps fateful question: Who owns the Panama Canal?

It may surprise many Americans to learn that such a question exists. The United States bought the Canal Zone outright 72 years ago. By the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty of 1903 the Republic of Panama accepted $10 million in payment for the ten-mile-wide strip of land running fifty miles across the Isthmus of Panama between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The treaty granted to the United States "in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control" of the Canal Zone, and authorized the United States "to exercise all the rights, power, and authority within the Zone . . . which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory . . . to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority." Panama's only remaining right in the Zone was to reversion of the land in case the U.S. abandoned the canal-building project altogether.

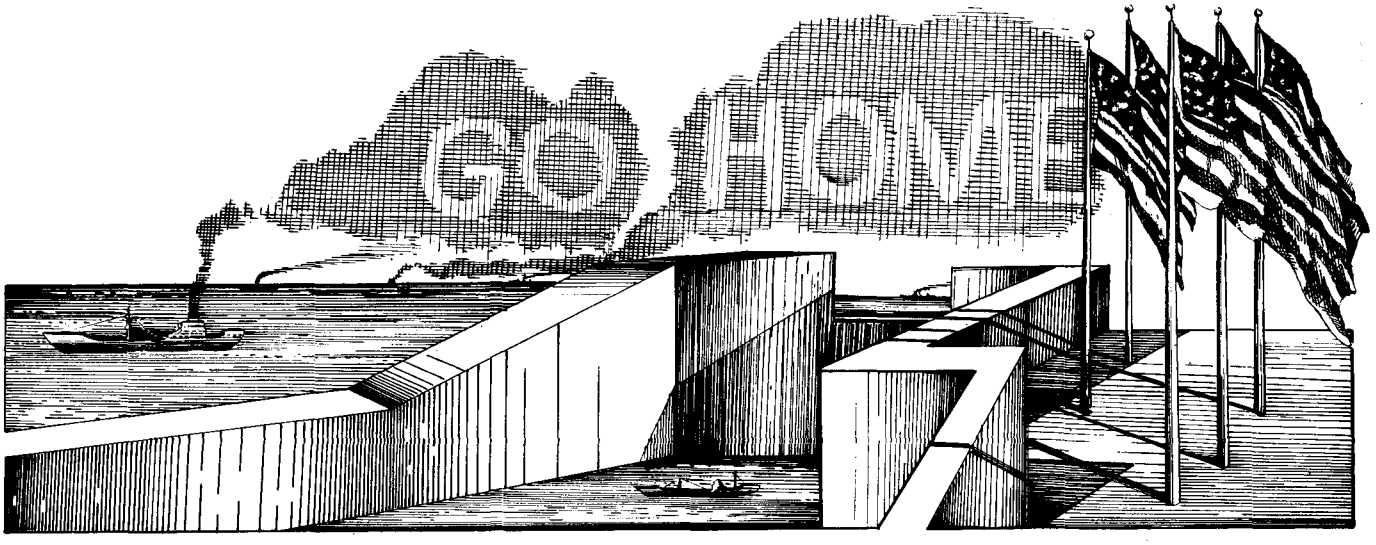
The arrangement for perpetual sovereignty was not a sudden decision by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay. Every proposal and treaty for a canal across the Isthmus had run into trouble in Congress because of restrictions on our defense capabilities. Proposals had been made as early as President Adams' Administration in 1825, and continued to be made during the Administrations of Presidents Polk, Taylor, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and McKinley. Some of them never passed the talking stage because of opposition in the U.S. to the lack of adequate control; others were defeated on the Senate floor. The 1903 treaty was therefore a high achievement of statecraft, based not only on political realities, but also on practical operational realities. The treaty, renewed in 1936 and again in 1955, is still in force; the status of the Canal Zone has become well established in international law, and has been recognized by the U.S. Supreme Court, in *Wilson* v. *Shaw*. Yet Panama now contends that the United States is in illegal occupation of Panamanian territory, and is appealing, successfully, to world opinion to demand that the United States surrender the property.

"We are not talking about minor changes in fees or geography," Panama's Foreign Minister Juan A. Tack told the United Nations Security Council. "We want effective sovereignty immediately."

As if that were not startling enough, General Omar Torrijos, who seized control of Panama in a coup in 1968 and now runs the country as "maximum leader," threatens to throw the United States out by force if negotiations fail.

On April 7, 1974, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger signed a sweeping "agreement in principle" that U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker had negotiated with Foreign Minister Tack. It would renounce U.S. sovereignty over the Canal Zone, admit Panama to joint control and operation of the Canal at once, and give complete ownership of the Canal to Panama in a period of years still to be agreed upon. Once in full possession, Panama would agree to make equitable arrangements for the United States to use its Canal.

Cash is involved too. The United States would pay Panama $25 million a year throughout the transition period, in addition to operating and maintenance costs. But Torrijos



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wants more: $100 million, cash on the barrelhead; possession as fast as the change can be made; and immediate withdrawal of the U.S. Army's Southern Command from the Canal Zone. (Other demands are to be disclosed later.) The idea that, on the contrary, Panama should pay for the U.S. property it wants does not seem to have occurred to anybody.

Panama's claim to the Canal brushes aside the elaborate precautions the U.S. Government took to copper-rivet its title to the Canal Zone property in the first place. From the beginning Congress insisted that the United States undertake one of the world's great engineering projects only if there were no doubt about who owned the land. For $40 million it bought the rights of the old French company that had gone broke years before while trying to link the oceans. To backstop that, it hunted up and paid off all legitimate private landowners in the Canal Zone as well as some of the squatters. In addition, the U.S. Government negotiated the Thomson-Urrutia Treaty with Colombia, the former owner of the Isthmus of Panama. For $25 million and other considerations, Colombia recognized that title to the Canal and the old Panama Railroad would be vested "entirely and absolutely" in the United States.

ALTOGETHER the United States spent nearly $162 million to acquire title to the Canal Zone's 647 square miles of hills and swamp (2 per cent of Panama's territory), according to University of California historian Donald M. Dozer, an authority on Latin American politics. Mr. Dozer says the Canal Zone is by far the most expensive of America's territorial purchases. The United States' title to it is as valid as its rights to Alaska, bought from Russia a few years earlier for $7.2 million, or to the states carved out of the $15-million Louisiana Purchase of 1803.

Nobody had any real doubt about title when work began back in 1904. Hints that Panama might have some vague "residual" or "titular" sovereignty were knocked down by the Supreme Court in 1908, and by Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes in 1923, when he wrote: "It is an absolute futility for the Panamanian government to expect any American Administration, no matter what it is, any President or Secretary of State, ever to surrender any part of these rights, which the United States has acquired under the Treaty of 1903."

Having taken every precaution to ensure its title, the United States pushed forward with construction of the 51-mile Canal. The huge project took ten years. Unlike the sea-level Suez Canal, the Panama Canal runs through rugged territory. And the problems of digging a broad ditch across the Isthmus in turn seemed simple compared to the building of the dams, locks, and pumping stations required to lift ships in transit a total of 85 feet above sea level.

Plainly, the Panama Canal is not, as demagogues pretend, a natural asset seized by a ruthless foreign power. It exists because the United States created it, at an initial cost of $366 million (exclusive of the cost of the Zone's naval and military defense). That was a huge sum to risk in those days on an enterprise many people regarded as foredoomed.

Mr. Strother, who has lived in Mexico since 1964, is a Roving Editor of Reader's Digest.

The French company, headed by Ferdinand de Lesseps of Suez fame, had failed in large part because yellow fever killed many workers. To succeed in its own effort, the United States would first have to discover the cause of yellow fever and find a means to control it. The brilliant victory U.S. health and sanitation experts scored over the disease is one of the brightest chapters in medical history. They transformed Panama from a pesthole to one of the healthiest of tropical countries.

The Canal was opened with pride in 1914, and put into full operation six years later. A dream four centuries old had been realized. Panamanians, correctly foreseeing a much improved economy, were jubilant. So were world shipping interests. The costs in time and money of the long and perilous voyage around Cape Horn were eliminated. A new era in world commerce was born.

From the beginning the United States operated the Canal as an impartial, nonprofit service to the seaborne trade of the world. The low tolls charged then remained in force, unchanged, until 1974, when they were hiked a modest 20 per cent. All income from tolls, now running about $100 million a year, has been plowed back into improvements. The Panamanian Canal Company, as the government's operating agent, has not to this day paid back the $366 million originally advanced by the Treasury. Panama, it might be noted, has not invested one bent dime in the Canal.

Nearly 15,000 vessels of all nations go through the Canal annually, with 20 per cent of the traffic bound for or coming from United States ports. U.S. shipping alone saves $250 million a year by avoiding the long haul around the Horn.

Panama profits too. "Yankee dollars last year made up fully $167 million of Panama's $363-million foreign exchange earnings," *Newsweek* reported in 1973. "One-third of its jobs were linked with the Canal, and the U.S. presence contributed heavily to Panama's achievement of the fourth highest living standard in Latin America."

The State Department accepts Panama's complaint that U.S. possession of the Canal has become an intolerable affront to her national pride

Meanwhile, some Panamanian politicians unblushingly assert that the Canal is of no economic benefit whatever to Panama. Others complain of the inescapable fact that the Canal cuts Panama in two.

Panamanian resentment of the U.S. presence began to grow, under vigorous stimulation, after World War II. An undisguised element is envy. The 30,000 Canal Company employees live comfortably in a suburban enclave. Their housing, cars, salaries, access to commissaries stocked like U.S. supermarkets, and excellent health care all contrast with the ramshackle conditions and low standard of living prevailing in much of the rest of Panama.

Successive governments of Panama, anxious to divert attention from corruption, waste, favoritism, inflation, high taxes, and other familiar ills, have fanned resentment at every opportunity. As official hopes for taking over the Canal rise, the hate-America campaign in the controlled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press and radio reaches ever new heights. Anti-Yanqui demagoguery in Panama, as in so much of Latin America, is the time-tested road to political power.

A series of U.S. concessions, begun in the Eisenhower Administration and continued since, has not diminished Panama's complaints. On the contrary, each concession, such as permission to fly the Panamanian flag in the Zone (granted during the Eisenhower Administration), is taken as another admission of U.S. guilt. The effect has been to weaken, perhaps fatally, the once unquestioned right of the United States to own the Canal it financed, built, and has run with impartial efficiency for more than sixty years. The U.S. position in Panama has been further damaged by what Professor Dozer calls Panama's "barrage of misinformation," which is enthusiastically echoed by the world Communist propaganda apparatus, with Radio Havana's powerful transmitters in the forefront.

A key item of contrived confusion concerns America's annual payments to Panama, not for the Canal, but for a railroad. The old Panama railroad was part of the 1903 deal for the Canal Zone, and the U.S. agreed to pay Panama (as heir to Colombia) $250,000 in gold annually to make up for revenues Panama might have earned from the railroad.

The $250,000 was increased to $340,000 after the dollar was devalued in 1934. Following the riots in 1964, the State Department hiked the annual payment to $1.9 million.

Panamanians, in calling for the "return" of a Canal they never had, describe the railroad compensation as "rent" paid for the "lease" of the Canal property. Many American newspaper and television people follow their example, and the error has crept into some U.S. history and reference books.

The annual payment is denounced as absurdly small for rental of a property with a $100-million annual gross, and so it would be if that were true. But it is not. The terms "rent," "lease," or their equivalents are not to be found anywhere in the Treaty. Even open-handed Uncle Sam does not, knowingly at any rate, pay rent on his own property.

THE PRESENCE in the Canal Zone of the Southern Command of the U.S. Army excites some of the most savage Panamanian and Soviet-bloc attacks. In the mid-1960s the Command trained hundreds of Latin American soldiers in anti-insurgency tactics to combat guerrilla activities unleashed by Castro throughout Central and South America. Ironically, Torrijos is one of the counter-insurgency graduates.

Fidel Castro no longer counts on guerrilla warfare to overthrow non-Communist governments. Now he is trying, with Russian help, to win over to Communism left-wing dictators like Torrijos and General Velasco in Peru. (Russia is pouring tanks, aircraft, and training cadres into Peru.)

Cuban DGI (secret service) agents, frequently disguised as correspondents for *Prensa Latina*, the Cuban news agency, operate all over the hemisphere. A dozen Cuban-trained agents were identified as leaders in the 1964 Canal Zone riots, and several hundred graduates of Castro's terror schools for subversives are believed ready for action in any new outbreak.

Torrijos claims to have 70 per cent of the Third World, and the entire Communist bloc, on his side in the Canal dispute. His greatest propaganda triumph was to induce the United Nations Security Council to attend an extraordinary hate-America meeting in Panama in 1973, at which 13 of the 15 members approved Panama's resolution requiring the U.S. to surrender the Canal at once. Only Great Britain abstained.

The United States, which should have vetoed the junket to Panama in the first place, exercised its veto for the third time in UN history to kill the Security Council resolution. A year later Torrijos persuaded the presidents of Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Colombia to endorse all his demands, promising to give their ships free transit through the Canal.

Torrijos claims to have 70 per cent of the Third World, and the entire Communist bloc, on his side in the Canal dispute

United States officials rarely bother to refute Panamanian falsehoods about the legal status of the Canal. Some even say that to relinquish the Canal would atone in part for the "humiliation" Panama suffered from the United States' turn of the century foreign policy—the foreign policy which gave Panama independence in the first place. (At the expense of Colombia, but never mind.)

The State Department, for example, accepts Panama's complaint that continued U.S. possession of the Canal has become an intolerable affront to her national pride in this era of growing nationalist fervor among scores of nonviable new nations. Like Senator Edward Kennedy (D., Mass.), they see U.S. ownership as "an embarrassing anachronism." Relinquishing possession would avoid, temporarily at any rate, a nasty confrontation with Panama and silence the "machine-made howlings" (to use one of Mr. Churchill's phrases) of the Third World and Communist propaganda machines. It could even, our statesmen hope wistfully, win some goodwill in a world increasingly scornful of U.S. weakness.

Other officials are indifferent. They say the Canal is obsolete because the locks are too small for big aircraft carriers and commercial vessels. They would give it away in return for permission to build a sea-level canal 25 miles to the north, which they suppose would be less vulnerable to nuclear attack. And at any rate, they say, now that the U.S. has a two-ocean Navy, the Canal lacks its former strategic importance.

Critics of the Kissinger-Tack agreement, however, counter those arguments by saying that existing plans to enlarge and modernize the Canal at a cost of over $1 billion would extend its life well into the next century, and that the Navy will need all the mobility it can get in case of a showdown with Russia or, somewhere further down the line, with Red China.

The closing of the Suez Canal cost the world economy $10 billion, they point out. Torrijos or a successor could wreak even greater damage by boosting Canal tolls to unconscionable heights. They take it for granted that in the best of cases he would change the Canal as soon as possible from a nonprofit facility for the benefit of world commerce to a local bonanza. Higher Canal tolls would be reflected in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

higher living costs in the United States and many other countries, including those run by Torrijos' friends.

How good are Panama's promises? Even if Torrijos is satisfied, what assurance, they ask, is there that his successors—maybe even right-wing successors—will feel bound for long by the new treaty? What happens if Panama, given partial control at once, decides to brook no further delay in taking over in full? Would the United States have any better chance of resisting than France and Britain had in the Suez?

Once Panama is in full control, how could the United States keep it from selectively barring the ships of other nations because of political differences, as Egypt barred Israel from the Suez?

Beyond questions of Panama's behavior lurks a more ominous concern.

What if Panama, like Cuba, goes Communist and Soviet Russia becomes thereby the real master of the Panama Canal? Is not Russia, which has now become the world's foremost naval power, as capable of grabbing the Canal by proxy as it was of planting nuclear-tipped missiles, aimed at the U.S., in Cuba in 1962?

Panama in possession of the Canal might become an irresistible Soviet target. Representative Daniel Flood (D., Pa.), for one, sees the impending struggle not as United States versus Panamanian control but as United States versus Soviet control.

What critics are saying, in short, is that transfer of title to the Panama Canal, far from solving anything, would lay the ground for far more serious conflicts in the future. Such fears will seem far-fetched—"paranoid" is the favored term —to those who ignore the history of the last thirty years. However that may be, many grave questions need clear answers before the United States makes a momentous decision about the Canal. To many and probably most Americans, if congressional mail is a reliable indicator, the risks of surrender would seem to outweigh any advantages, even if Panama's legal and moral claims were much more solidly based than they are.

Since many powerful members of Congress are as adamant in rejecting Panama's claim as Torrijos and his followers are in advancing it, a confrontation seems inevitable. The present deadlock came about through earlier official disregard of warnings that good-natured concessions were thoughtlessly undermining the principle of exclusive sovereignty. Much as Uncle Sam would like to be Mr. Nice Guy as usual, there now is no painless way out. Serious risks are unavoidable either way he turns. □

Another Vietnam?

JAMES P. LUCIER

WHAT'S GOING ON?

2

On June 26, the U.S. House of Representatives voted 246 to 164 to prohibit any funds in the State Department appropriations from being used to negotiate the surrender or relinquishment of any U.S. rights in the Panama Canal Zone. Congressman Gene Snyder of Kentucky, ranking Republican of the House Panama Canal Subcommittee, had struck again.

For the first time, it began to dawn on the State Department negotiators that they had a problem. There was brave talk about using State's contingency funds to continue negotiations if the Senate went along with the Snyder amendment. But the prognosis for the long run was not good at all; in fact, an Opinion Research Corporation poll released at about the same time showed the American people favored continued ownership of the Panama Canal by more than 5 to 1. Suppose State came in with a treaty; then what?

The State Department negotiators had been aware all along of a resolution in the Senate co-sponsored by 38 senators under the leadership of South Carolina's Strom Thurmond (R.) and Arkansas' John McClellan (D.). The list of co-sponsors was noteworthy not only for its number, but for its leadership quality; it included the chairman and/or ranking Republican of more than a dozen of the key committees. With 34 senators in opposition, no treaty can be ratified. State's forlorn hope was that five or six could be turned around, or persuaded to absent themselves on the crucial vote.

The decisive House action on the Snyder amendment was a warning to the State Department that any change in the status of the Canal would have hard going in the House as well. The Constitution requires House concurrence to give up U.S. territory or property. Passage of the Snyder amendment in the supposedly radicalized House led to a conclusion the negotiators did not like to contemplate; neither did Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. On July 4, he wrote Panamanian President Omar Torrijos what amounted to an apology for the action taken by the representatives of the American people.

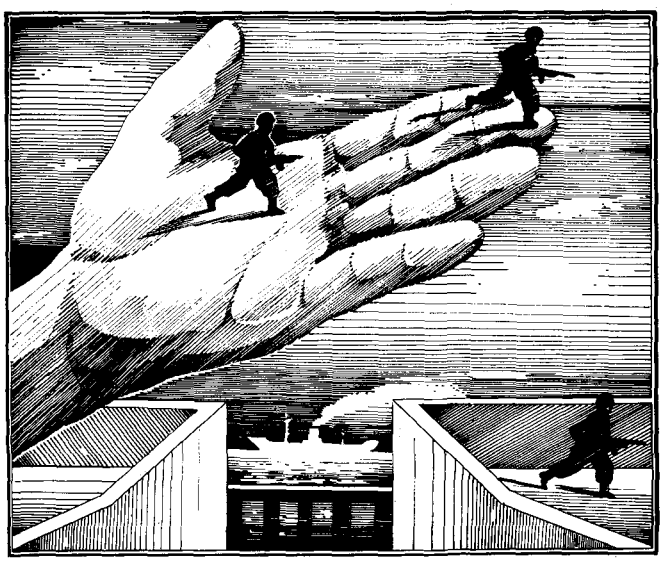
> Things like these [Kissinger wrote] are a tribute to the success of what you and I have been and are trying to achieve. . . . In view of the fact that we have had success and significant progress up to the present time, this has inspired those who do not want progress to do all in their power to impede or discourage new advances. . . . I want you to know that in spite of these things, I am still engaged in the search for a final and just solution to this problem and the establishment of a new and more modern relationship between the two countries.

Significantly, excerpts of that letter were released in Panama, but not in the United States.

Secretary Kissinger's affirmation that he would continue to press for a new treaty made more explicit the counter-

Mr. Lucier is Special Assistant to Senator Jesse Helms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



attack that chief U.S. negotiator Ellsworth Bunker had already begun. Bunker came up with Panama as "another Vietnam," a theme designed to terrify all opposition to a new treaty. Bunker claims the U.S. position is that the Canal Zone is in Panamanian territory under U.S. jurisdiction—a position that is of recent vintage and that defies legal and historical precedent.

About a week after the vote on the Snyder amendment, Panamanian President Torrijos turned up in Mexico, and, with Mexican President Luis Echeverria beaming at his side, told the press that "when all peaceful ways are closed to the people, they have to resort to the liberation struggle, just as Ho Chi Minh did." This tack was not unexpected from Torrijos, but when Ambassador Bunker takes such tough talk at face value, he undercuts his own leverage at the negotiating table.

Another Vietnam? An *opéra bouffe* Vietnam, perhaps, staged for the TV cameras, with one detachment of the *Guardia Nacional* running behind the scenes to march in from stage left over and over again. Some shooting, some arson, some easily repaired damage to the Canal. The whole of Panama has only 1.6 million people, about the same number as Atlanta. The Vietnam talk is meant for scare headlines in the American press, with which to beat recalcitrant legislators in Congress. The men who have ruled Panama for more than six years without an election know full well that any permanent damage to the Canal would bankrupt their nation and might well bring about their own downfall.

In my opinion, the real threat would come the moment the U.S. signed a treaty giving up our sovereign rights, not before. The signing of the treaty could unleash several uncontrollable forces, both internal and external:

1. *Pressure within the Torrijos regime.* The dynamic of successful blackmail is difficult to stop. Panama would ask for a larger share of jobs, higher salaries, exclusive contracts, unseen gratuities. Efficient operation of the Canal would become more and more difficult; Panama's economy would suffer.

2. *Pressures in Panama outside the regime.* It is by no means certain that the present regime will last. Torrijos was tutored in economics by Salvador Allende and has been taking post-graduate courses from Castro. The result is that Panama is head over heels in debt. There are rumors of corruption, of millions deposited in Swiss bank accounts. Such stories, whether true or not, feed on themselves, and also feed the ambitions of younger army men. If Torrijos did it yesterday, why can't I today? Moreover, the stakes will be higher if Panama wins effective control of the Canal.

3. *Exterior pressures.* Sovereignty over a waterway that is both economically and militarily strategic could threaten Panama's independence. Guerrillas trained and organized by Cuba, the Soviet Union, or other Communist countries could destroy the present regime, if its policy on the Canal were not satisfactory to the Soviet aim of dominion over the seas. Closing the Canal or discriminating among various users could create severe economic dislocation in selected areas. Panamanian policy might become the tool of Soviet policy, which would, in turn, be intolerable to the United States. Such action might or might not induce a confrontation between the major powers; but there is no doubt that Panama's real independence would be endangered.

What is the alternative to the crisis that is the end result of the State Department's maneuvering? Secretary Kissinger in a number of recent speeches has said that a favorable settlement of the Canal controversy is a key to re-establishing favorable relations with Latin America. But is all of Latin America really clamoring for the U.S. to surrender its Canal rights?

There is a deep cleavage in Latin America between the so-called ABC tier of nations (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, and Uruguay), and the rest. The ABC tier has 71.5 per cent of the land mass of South America, 75.7 per cent of the GNP, and the highest per capita income, except for oil-rich Venezuela; it is also strongly anti-Communist. Our first step should be to enlist the help of the ABC group in mediating the dispute. After all, it is hardly credible that Chile, for example, would like to see the Canal in the hands of Torrijos, the old friend of Allende; or that Argentina really wants to take up the cause of the nation that welcomed the Monteneros terrorists on a state visit to Panama City.

After all, it is hardly credible that Chile would like to see the Canal in the hands of Torrijos, the old friend of Allende

The second step would be to extend once more the hand of cooperation and friendship that we have always extended to Panama. Contingent upon retaining its full, undiluted sovereignty, the U.S. should move forward on modernization of the present lock system to improve navigation and provide passage of larger ships. This would cost an estimated $1 billion over the next ten years. It would generate a like amount in the economic infrastructure of Panama, and the contracting could be mandated so that technical training, urban planning, and local enterprise would spread the benefits throughout the social spectrum. Would Torrijos accept the offer? It would be to the advantage of his people and his country if he did. But the question they're asking on the Hill these days is whether Secretary Kissinger and Ambassador Bunker will give him the chance. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD DAY

Ralph Nader and the Terrible Ten

THOMAS H. JUKES

"Food," said a 1944 slogan, "will fight the war and win the peace." Right now food is the subject of a war of words. On one side are the "health food" stores and their vociferous supporters, including "diet doctors" and show business personalities. The target of their attack is the big companies that make up the bulk of the multi-billion-dollar food industry—who seem too bewildered to fight back and, instead, often try to make a fast buck by invoking their critics' slogans on behalf of special lines of products designed for nature lovers. Condemnation of the food industry is *de rigueur* for liberal columnists; on April 20 Nicholas Von Hoffman hinted darkly that we were all being poisoned. Caught in the crossfire between Granola and Sugar Frosties, between enriched white bread and the stone-ground, chemical-free, whole-grain variety, between prime beef and sunflower seeds, scientists of the "nutrition establishment" have tried to straddle the fence's uncomfortable ridgepole. A few have even tried to buck the "health food" crowd; the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences did so, and its members were thereupon termed "tools of industry" by Senator William Proxmire.

On April 17, Ralph Nader's Center for Science in the Public Interest (which might better be called the Center for Lawyers in the Performing Arts) held a carefully planned, well-heralded "Food Day." The Advisory Board included Hubert Humphrey, middle-aged Consciousness III types like William Sloane Coffin and George Wald, organic food journalists, some genuine academic nutritionists like Jean Mayer of Harvard (who, as will be seen, ducked out before Food Day arrived), Julian Bond, Norman Cousins, Fred Harris, and Robert Redford.

Food Day's main feature was an attack on what Naderite Michael Jacobson called "The Terrible Ten." As one might expect, the attack was based more on politics than on nutrition; five of the foods were strictly brand-name special products. The others were basic foods; one of these was Wonder Bread, targeted as "an ordinary enriched white bread"—but alas, made by a division of ITT, "which also owns Sheraton Hotels and makes military supplies." (Eat Wonder Bread—kill an Arab!) The Wonder Bread bakers state on the label that their bread contains no preservatives; the story behind this is that sodium propionate has been hounded out of many breads by the health food movement. Sodium propionate, which prevents molding, is naturally present in (for instance) Swiss cheese, and is metabolized normally by the body into carbon dioxide and water; without sodium propionate, bread molds. Some molds produce carcinogens or, at the very least, waste, when the moldy bread is thrown away.

Next on the list was bacon, dubbed "possibly the most dangerous food in the supermarket" because of nitrosamines, which are formed from nitrites used in curing bacon. As it happens, nitrosamines are also formed in the digestive tract from nitrites; the nitrites in a day's swallowed saliva are equal in quantity to those in several pounds of bacon. As if this weren't enough, nitrites are produced during digestion from nitrates, which are normally present in vegetables. ("Organic" carrots have been found to contain far more nitrates than regular carrots.) Nitrites and nitrates are in rain water after every thunderstorm, and plants have therefore been happily soaking them up for, say, two billion years. (What might have been mentioned, but was not, is that supermarkets also sell cigarettes. Dr. Ernest Wynder, a well-known authority on environmental cancer, has estimated that 40 per cent of all cancers in U.S. males are related to the use of tobacco.)

Next on the list was sugar, which the organic food writers depict as a poison. It is implied that sugar *per se* causes diabetes, obesity, coronary heart disease, and hypoglycemia. None of these allegations has any scientific basis. Overeating foods rich in sugars, starch, and—especially—fat can accelerate coronary heart disease and cause obesity. One of the leading anti-sugar scientists, Professor John Yudkin, told a dairy audience, with refreshing candor, that by hanging a rap on sugar "we can free butter of guilt." For good measure, he likened sugar to heroin, and this novel figure of speech was reflected in Food Day literature: Gerber baby food desserts, it alleged, would turn infants into "sugar junkies." Actually, human beings and other mammals are inherently attracted to sweet flavors whether or not they have been fed sugar during infancy. A child who has never previously tasted a candy bar is probably more attracted by one than a child who has been cloyed with sweets.

Further down the Terrible Ten list, prime grade beef came in for a clobbering because cattle eat grain "that could otherwise be consumed by hungry people." But in fact, more than half the food consumed by beef cattle is roughage (somebody ought to tell Ralph Nader about their digestive systems)—corn cobs, stalks, forage, and hay; and they can also convert synthetic urea into animal protein. Corn is an animal feed grain that is highly deficient in protein, and in many nations its consumption by people is small; in the U.S., less than 5 per cent of the corn crop is used as human food. If the cornfields in America were replanted with wheat, the yield per acre would be far less.

But the winner in illogic was table grapes—listed as a terrible food because "growers refuse to sign UFW contracts." This must be the first instance of a fruit's being held guilty by association. Coca-Cola was blacklisted too, because, among other rea-

(Continues on page 1007)

Mr. Jukes is a nutritionist at the Space Sciences Laboratory, University of California, Berkeley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTUGAL

The Laughter of Cunhal

PETER P. WITONSKI

ALVARO CUNHAL, Portugal's leading Communist, was challenged by Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci to explain his party's dismal showing in the April elections. "We Communists," Cunhal declared, "do not accept the rules of the game of elections. . . . I care nothing for elections. Nothing!" Then, according to Signorina Fallaci's text, the uncommonly frank Communist laughed, "Ha, ha! Portugal will never be a country of democratic freedoms. . . . It won't be a fellow-traveler of your bourgeois democracies, because we [Communists] won't allow it to be. . . . We are equipped to prevent it [and a return to fascism], thanks to our alliance with the military."

But things have changed in Portugal since the Cunhal-Fallaci interview, and the Communist leader is, needless to say, no longer laughing. The Communist takeover that seemed inevitable only a few weeks ago no longer seems inevitable, and Cunhal and his comrades are frankly worried. As for the vaunted alliance with the military, it is now in a state of shambles, and Cunhal's comrades within the armed forces appear much weaker than had been assumed.

It is being said in Communist circles in Lisbon that Cunhal no longer understands the Portuguese people, that his long years of political asylum in Russia and Czechoslovakia have Slavified him, and that he is, therefore, incapable of dealing with the kind of social and political complexities that Western Communists must deal with in order to survive. (He is constantly being compared unfavorably to Sr. Carillo, the astute leader of the Spanish Communist Party who behaves these days with the circumspection of an Italian Communist.) Whatever the case, it is rapidly becoming clear that Cunhal and his comrades never really understood the motivations of the AFM.

With the exception of a few important Communist officers like Prime Minister Vasco Gonçalves, the Armed Forces Movement was never the Marxist organization it has been made to appear in the press. The thesis, propounded by Kenneth Maxwell in his otherwise brilliant analysis of the Portuguese situation in *The New York Review of Books*, that the Portuguese army was radicalized through its contacts with African guerrillas and Marxist literature, is totally false. To be sure, Portuguese officers studied certain Marxist texts as part of their anti-guerrilla training, but these texts—which appeared in anti-Communist army field-manuals—merely provided them with a cursory sampling of leftist jargon. As for the military's contacts with African guerrillas, most of the guerrillas captured by the Portuguese army in Africa were interrogated by the secret police, an organization that has, to date, played no role in the Armed Forces Movement.

Tacking to Starboard

The leaders of the Armed Forces Movement, from General Spínola to General Carvalho, have been motivated by a force far more potent than ideology—that ancient form of self-advancement known in Portugal as *caudilhoismo*. The flamboyant General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the chief of COPCON, the Portuguese internal security force, is a case in point. In his interview with Oriana Fallaci, Cunhal spoke warmly of Carvalho as a fellow champion of revolution. Carvalho himself has done much to bolster his revolutionary credentials. When he journeyed to Cuba to help Fidel Castro celebrate the 26th of July, Carvalho went so far as to compare himself to the Cuban dictator and the April 25 coup to the Cuban revolution. But, although much of the American press has accepted this rhetoric at face value and described Carvalho as a "disciple of the Cuban leader," they actually have little in common. Like the rest of his colleagues, Carvalho is determined to carry on regardless of what happens to Portugal; and now that the climate of opinion is turning strongly against Communism, Carvalho has begun to emerge as an anti-Communist.

It must be remembered that all the leaders of the military junta that is presently ruling Portugal loyally served under both Salazar and Caetano before emerging from their Marxist closets on April 25, 1974. Of the three men who run Portugal today, only Gonçalves appears to have had a genuine Communist connection—a fact that did not prevent him from growing rich in the construction business under Salazar—and his future is in doubt.

General Francisco da Costa Gomes —who has lately been dubbed "the cork" because of his penchant for bobbing to the top in the most diverse ideological situations—served as a general under both Salazar and Caetano. He eventually became chief of staff of the armed forces, a position he managed to hold under both Caetano and the present regime. General Spínola, in an interview with Charles Vanhecke published in *Le Monde* on August 1, has described "the cork" as the man most responsible for the betrayal of the goals that inspired the April 25 coup. Costa Gomes has been far more successful than the rest of his colleagues in draping himself with the mantle of political moderation. But it must not be forgotten, now that he is parading as a democratic socialist, that he went along with the Communists until very recently in their persecution of the Social Democrats, just as he had gone along with both Salazar's and Caetano's persecution of that party, and that he said nothing when the Socialist newspaper *República* was seized by the Communists. He also failed to protest the Communist seizure of the Catholic radio station, Radio Renascença, although he calls himself a loyal son of the church. Costa Gomes, like Carvalho, is a good *caudilho*—and nothing more.

It is because of opportunists like Costa Gomes and Carvalho that Alvaro Cunhal has begun to worry. He always knew that the Portuguese people were anti-Communist, but that made little difference to him as long as he felt he had the military behind him. But Cunhal and his comrades are not alone in

---

Mr. Witonski, currently attached to the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, edited the four-volume anthology The Wisdom of Conservatism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being worried about the *caudilhos*. Mario Soares, the good and decent man who leads the democratic Socialist Party, has come to recognize that he and his followers may be among the biggest losers of all. The individualistic Portuguese are by nature anticollectivist, and Soares knows this. He also knows that many who voted Socialist in the recent Portuguese election will not do so again.

As the conservative Portuguese fortnightly *Economia e Finanças* pointed out after the recent election, much of Soares' support came from Portuguese conservatives whose parties were either outlawed or unable to run effective campaigns because of Communist interference. The failure of the potentially powerful Center Democratic Party to win a larger share of the vote, *Economia e Finanças* argued, came about largely because its natural supporters were voting either for the Socialists or the Popular Democrats so as to make their anti-Communist protest better heard. Soares knows that he will not be able to win as many votes in the next election—should one be allowed. The Portuguese Right, which has remained silent throughout the 15 months of leftist military rule, is finally beginning to flex its muscles, and it is discovering that much of its old strength remains. The anti-Communist counter-revolution started by Soares and his followers may well be won—if it is to be won—by the Portuguese Right.

Anti-Communist Rebirth

A renaissance of the political Right is taking place in important cities all over Portugal. Parts of the country that were supposed to have been pro-Communist are beginning to reveal themselves as strongholds of anti-Communism. In Cova da Piedade, the working-class section of Lisbon, which lies across the Tagus from the Praça do Commerçio, Communist Party functionaries have been brutally beaten, and anti-Communist graffiti festoon the walls. Pictures of Salazar and Caetano were distributed to an anti-Communist rally in the monastic city of Alcobaça last week when thousands of Portuguese farmers demonstrated against the Communist Party's decision to hold a meeting there. In Catholic Braga—which is often called the Portuguese Rome because of its many beautiful churches and its famous theological schools—there was much talk last week of the similarities between the present Portuguese government and the corrupt Republic that was overthrown in 1926. One local newspaper even went so far as to reprint the famous Braga Proclamation of May 28, 1926. That proclamation, written by the rightist General Gomes da Costa, read:

> Men of Portugal! To men of dignity and honor the present situation of the country is intolerable. The prey of a corrupt and tyrannical minority, the nation, filled with shame, feels that it is dying. For my part, I declare myself in open revolt. Let men of courage and of worth come to me in arms. . . . Portugal, to arms!

Readers of the Braga paper that republished the 1926 Proclamation commented rather sadly on the fact that there are no soldiers like Gomes da Costa left in Portugal to lead the fight against the Armed Forces Movement. The most popular rightist generals are in prison, exile, or forced retirement. They are General Kaulza da Arriaga, the former director of the Portuguese Atomic Energy Commission, who is presently in a prison outside of Lisbon; General Galvão de Melo, the former commander of the Air Force, who was placed in heavily guarded retirement after he published a book critical of the regime; and General Spínola, who is in Brazil. There are also a number of lesser anti-Communist figures living at present in Spain and France. So it seems unlikely that there will be a rightist coup in Portugal, and that is probably for the best.

The Right that is emerging is a new Right, quite different in outlook from the Salazarists. It is a sophisticated, democratic Right that is anti-fascist, anti-Communist, and anti-socialist. Its leaders, with a few exceptions, are men who opposed Salazar and Caetano, and its base is the powerful Catholic Church. The most credible spokesman of this movement at present is Dom António Ferreira Gomes, the Bishop of Oporto, who was exiled some years back for circulating a letter he had written Salazar criticizing his regime and its harsh methods.

The activist arm of the renascent Portuguese Right—the people who have been sacking Communist headquarters all over Portugal and organizing anti-Communist demonstrations—comes mainly from the leadership of the Center Democratic Party and the Christian Democratic Party. These parties hold views roughly similar to those of the Conservative Party in Britain and the Christian Democratic Party in Germany. Their leaders are men who were critical of the foreign and domestic policies of the Salazar-Caetano regime, and who agreed with the views voiced by General Spínola in his book *Portugal and the Future*.

Calling the Shots

But for all its newfound strength, the emerging Portuguese Right, like the other opposition movements in Portugal today, remains at the mercy of the Armed Forces Movement. As long as the military can control its enlisted men, it will continue to call the shots; and all the democratic forces—including the Right and the Social Democrats—can do is try to induce the soldiers, at both the top and the bottom of the military hierarchy, to turn away from Communism. What most Portuguese want now is free elections. but the *caudilhos* are convinced that they might be satisfied with something less—such as a military dictatorship purged of Communist influence. As of this writing, it would appear that General Carvalho, who has grown much more powerful in recent weeks, would be happy to opt for such a dictatorship. Carvalho's new model—a worker-controlled democracy—is Peronist rather than Marxist. Carvalho believes that he can satisfy the Portuguese people with the kind of bread-and-circuses and populist rhetoric that the late Argentine dictator used so successfully.

The memorandum written by the moderate Socialist Major Melo Atunes, criticizing the Armed Forces Movement for its illiberal behavior, has caused great concern to the military rulers of Portugal. The memorandum was signed by well over a thousand officers, including some of the most prominent soldiers in Portugal. It has received the support of democratic leaders throughout the country. The weekly *Expresso*, the most influential political journal in Portugal, described it as "a realistic document," and even Costa Gomes has declared himself to be in agreement with it (although he considered its publication to be ill-timed). Melo Atunes strongly attacked the government for trying to emulate what he called "the East European

(Continues on page 1007)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red-Letter Days

SPEAKING OF PORTUGAL, Professor F. A. Hermens recently reminded us again of what the Communists call "the day after," meaning the confused situation following the overthrow of a long-established political system, when many opposition groups suddenly emerge in a wide-open field. The Communists alone have for years prepared themselves for this moment. While underground, they maintained their organization and worked out detailed plans and tactics. Now they move deliberately and with utmost confidence that they can capture total power out of chaos. It happened in Russia in 1917, and the story is the same in today's Portugal. "The day after" occupies an important place in Communist ideology, but it is not the only day that is tactically crucial.

There is also what the Communists call "the revolutionary situation," a crisis compounded of rebellious disobedience below and bumbling ineptitude above, a moment when bonds dissolve, which can be fostered in many ways (although never manufactured at will) and for which one must wait. The Communists have trained themselves to wait. In Portugal they had waited since 1926, and when the "revolutionary situation" came they moved instantly. But neither "the day after" nor "the revolutionary situation" can of itself give the Communists total power. The fiber of society is too tough to be destroyed by popular upheaval or the driving out of a ruling class. The Communists may have power on "the day after," but they must share it with other groups of the former opposition, and even with residual forces of the overthrown system. Usually they are numerically inferior. Again they must wait.

With good strategy, however, the day of "the second revolution" will arrive and they will "turn against their ally as if he were an enemy," oust their partners from government, and liquidate all non-Communist leaders. That—the Communist revolution proper—is always a "revolution from above," meaning that it unleashes lawless violence and terror against all who do not wholeheartedly support the Party; it uses publicly sanctioned force, supplemented by extra-legal operations of the Party and the police.

The fourth and final day has no official name. We may call it the "day of consummation," when the vision of a complete socialist state together with the requisite "new Soviet man" will have become reality, evolving overnight.

Waiting

These are the four red-letter days on which Communist thinking and planning center: three that mark strategic milestones and require supreme tactical efforts, and the fourth, an asserted goal which alone provides the motive power and alleged justification for the other three. Communism conceives of itself as a long range enterprise and Communists are committed to waiting patiently for the decisive days. Probably no living Communist expects himself to be the personal beneficiary of the day of consummation. Still, looking toward that day, he is resolved to live his life in the "period of transition," where action consists in "waiting, organizing, fighting." When other revolutionists think they have arrived, the Communists, even though they may have won the day, only proclaim: "The struggle goes on!" We have just heard it proclaimed again by the victorious Frelimo in Mozambique.

This story certainly is no longer news. Why, then, tell it again? Chiefly because the astonishing unwillingness of future victims of Communism to stop this deadly movement is front-page news. Not that they are doomed to lose: on "the day after," for example, the Communist organization is small. It does not control the population, and it still lacks strong voter support. The Communists are weak and vulnerable and can be broken as a political movement, as they were in Indonesia. Why, then, does it happen again and again that they survive this period of vulnerability and solidify their position until they, still a small minority, impose their will on the whole people?

The reason, I submit, is that the Communists have deliberately left the world of reason and their potential victims have not. (Allow me to use these words in a strict, technical sense.) Human beings live under systems of common law and government by their common affirmation of reason as the vehicle of public peace. (Our recent inclination to elevate words like "disobedience" and "discontent" to the rank of god-words may cause us some difficulty here.) We look on strife and struggle as a breakdown of society rather than as the normal condition of man; from occasional upheavals we move speedily to new order, and, most important, we take public order to be the necessary framework in which to pursue the typical human purpose. In a sense, then, public order appears comparable to a home; it is to us a residence, something in which we abide, notwithstanding an occasional move from one residence to another.

Marching

These assumptions go to the core of our humanity, and they are taken for granted. That is what makes it so very difficult to understand and to remember that Communists are people who have systematically discarded these assumptions. *Their* taken-for-granted assumption is that a movement goes on toward an eventual dwelling place where people can abide, but that place cannot be reached until the present world—its institutions, habits, ideas—has been totally destroyed. The Communists, then, refuse to dwell with us as citizens in a common public order representing reason. In their sense of incessant and urgent movement, none of the ordinary human concerns of the present means anything to them. Quite literally, the Communists are not of this world, but it is in their interest to deceive their potential victims by pretending that theirs is a will to govern in the sense in which all citizens understand government. The deception is the deathtrap into which their victims step while euphorically hailing the Communists' "good will." *Vae victis!* □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Kid

I first came across him at 46th and Broadway. He stood on a plastic soapbox, making red silk handkerchiefs disappear. Zip, gone: like a silent film of flare bursts played in reverse. There were so many people crowding close, I thought he was an accident or, at the very least, a first-rate epileptic fit. Around Times Square only someone else's pain will draw that well.

Right off you knew he was a good magician. But it went beyond that. Robert Levy has no age: he could be 12, he could be some forty-year-old with an impacted pituitary. The two front teeth upstage his mouth—bossy, new, second-growth incisors—yet they are not all his own, it's just another illusion. ("This little kid ran into me, my real teeth are implanted in his head somewhere.") "Shock of hair" is a cliché, and I think Robert's hair was its provenance: wild, listening to the siren call of some private static electricity, with light roots that might be grey roots. Robert is heavy and not tall. When he walks, the shoulders are assertive, as if he were pulling himself along in a rickshaw. And the line of patter, his own, is eerie: adulthood lip-synced on a child's unreluctant mouth.

"Step up here, young lady." A pleased but uncertain middle-aged black woman has come forward. "Are you married?" No. "Then step closer, step closer. Have you got a boyfriend?" Yes. "Uh-oh. Better not get that close." When the routine is over, Robert passes a basket. People are generous. I see dollar bills.

"I've been accepted at Fieldston, but it costs thirty-two hundred a year." We are eating at Ma Bell's. The waiters know him, indeed every sixth person in a very sordid ten-block area seems to know him. Robert doesn't care for this notoriety. "I'm a prostitute of magic, but magic is just a means—I want to be a lawyer or a psychiatrist, I think magic would be useful in therapy." How old is he? "I just turned 15. I've lost one TV job already because I was too old. Over the hill at fifteen."

Cellos have a pointed tip at the bottom. They fit perfectly into sidewalk cracks. Come July, the best New York corners—those with a small plaza—are precious. Cellists and flautists and oboists fight each other off with music stands. HELP ME CONTINUE MY EDUCATION. Open violin cases play the serial music of random dimes and quarters. "I hate it, making a show of myself. It started out as a joke. This friend of mine, a magician, said, 'You wouldn't have the nerve.' So I tried. I made a hundred bucks the first day, but I give 10 or 20 per cent to charity. There's a lot of magicians in town. Some are 25 or thirty. They don't wash. They do it just for money, they're not good enough to get something else. I really wanted a job at Baskin-Robbins, $2.50 an hour and all you can eat."

It's not the most genteel audience for a 15-year-old: hookers and junkies and hustlers. "My mother doesn't like it, but $3,200 . . ." His mother has written seven books under the name Joan Joseph: another hairy profession. "The toughest part is handling hecklers. You've got to distract them, especially if they guess what you're doing. It's more misdirection than sleight of hand. Hell, I'm not innocent working out here. I really don't know about the birds and the bees, I only know about humans. I bought two doves for my act, the lady said 'Here are two male doves'—one laid an egg yesterday. I wish I knew that trick."

Next day Robert and his hermaphroditic doves will tape a show for PBS. With some sleight of hand, he has managed to cut his left thumb badly. The bandage is inconvenient. "I can't really do my card or rope tricks well." Robert Levy hates being on the street. But at least he doesn't need Job Corps or federal make-work. (One hundred bucks a day; he could give advice to the National Council on the Arts.) It doesn't come easily. At 15 he has devoted half his life to magic. "Takes a lot of reading, a lot of watching. And concentration. You can't even have music on." We're walking along Broadway now. Robert donates his loose change to a black collecting for drug rehabilitation. ("That's not charity. I'm paying protection. He works the same block.") I feel shown-up, nonetheless. A blind man approaches and I aim two dimes at his cup. Robert intercepts my throw. "He sees better than I do. You can tell when they're faking, with their pupils all rolled up."

AND, I THINK, he knows too much. By the time he's 21, he'll be forty, burned out. Precocity is an awful rep to have. The old show-biz saw goes: "Never follow a dog act or a kid act." Robert is his own kid act; he'll have to follow it for the rest of his life. "There's pressure, of course. And I don't like it. People expect a lot of me." I ask him, "Do you get depressed?" "No, not so as I'd want to jump out of a window. If I feel depressed, I go into my room, take out a book, and try a difficult trick. I'd rather be frustrated than depressed." That's as wise a small distinction as I've heard anyone make, let alone someone half my age.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Want to see a neat trick?" Sure. Robert slaps a half-dollar in my right palm. "Make fists. When you open them, it'll be in your left hand." Robert takes both my hands, shakes them, bangs them. But I've got him this time. I can still feel the half-dollar in my right palm. "Did it work? No? Darn, I'd better practice that one. What time is it?"

"Ah—" Yes. My watch is gone. □

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Opening Questions

According to the late Willmoore Kendall, at the bottom of the McCarthy controversy lay a philosophical question that never got properly aired: namely, is the Good Society also the Open Society, in which freedom of speech must be expanded until absolute, or (let us not forget the crowded theater) very nearly so? Kendall seems to suggest that the victory of the liberals—the anti-McCarthyites—established as quasi-official the doctrine that America was meant to be an Open Society, in which First Amendment freedoms were "preferred"; preferred to almost anything else one could think of. All questions were henceforth to be regarded as open questions—except, of course, the question whether all questions *should* be regarded as open questions.

Whether or not this is theoretically coherent, it has proven practically untenable, and most of the proof was supplied by its own advocates. True, liberal rhetoric, with its cry of "freedom of expression," has tended to give the impression of "openness" (to "ideas," as they say). So has liberal etiquette, with its histrionic deference to social and ideological pariahs (a famous extreme being Leonard Bernstein's party for the Panthers). In fact, however, liberalism, like any other value system, has erected its own hierarchies, at the base of which are ostracized groups and proscribed heresies. William Buckley began his career by getting himself (under Kendall's mischievous tutelage, as it happened) all but excommunicated by the opensocietarians; Sidney Hook, that incarnation of all that is noblest in liberalism, began his rejoinder to *God and Man at Yale* with the charge that the book and its author had received a great deal of abuse and vilification, but not, so far as he knew, a single rational answer.

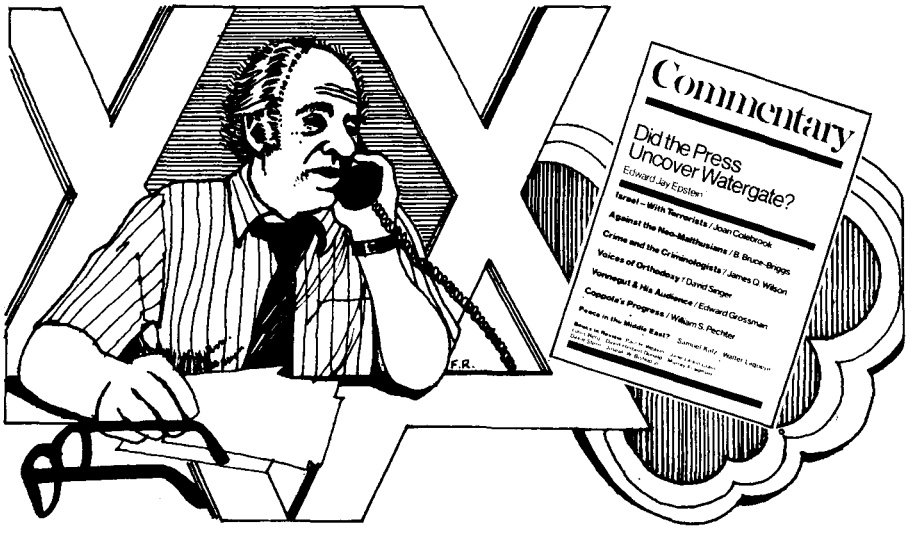
A society may be open in the sense of not jailing people for their opinions, but, man and his concerns being local and finite, there is inevitably the problem of which view is to be, if not exactly established as orthodox, at least preferred; the problem of setting the agenda, deciding which question is to be entertained next, which opinion is at the moment urgent and worthy of discussion; in short, the problem of organizing our limited attention. Even if the question of the Rosenbergs' guilt remains "open," as it will in *Newsweek* forever and ever, it is significant that other adjudicated matters, such as whether Joe McCarthy deserved to be censured, do not.

The problem of leftward bias in the media is less a matter of which answers are given than of which questions are endlessly entertained, which terms are to be put in quotation marks and which taken straight. What was really settled by McCarthy's censure, then, was not *whether* all questions were to be treated as open, but *which* were to be so treated. Or more concretely, since the uproar was more a struggle for authority and power than a philosophical debate, *who* would decide which questions were open. The liberals won, deceiving—and self-deceiving—with the language of freedom.

Speaking broadly, that is. For there are liberals and liberals. Most, I suspect, were merely confused. Some, no doubt, used all the Mill-talk to gain respectability for statist positions of various leftish colorations. And a few, like Hook, not only understood what they were saying, but meant it.

Recent fissions within liberaldom have made the differences visible. The two major factions are well represented by *The New York Review of Books* and *Commentary*. *The New York Review* is generally concerned with the question how far to the left all right-thinking people should go, and addresses the Right only in sneers. *Commentary*, on the other hand, has become remarkable for its willingness to take conservative views seriously, perhaps because it takes its own liberalism seriously.

Commentary is hardly dedicated to conservatism, although it is sometimes described (disparagingly, for the most part) as "neo-conservative." Published monthly, it may well be the most prestigious magazine in America nowadays. The American Jewish Committee sponsors it, and its concerns are those of liberal New York Jewish intellectuals, ranging from antisemitism to principles of aesthetics. Most of its contributors are Jews, but Jewish affairs are discussed, as it were, in the third person. Antisemitism is treated, as a rule, without a trace of hysteria, although "antisemitism" is too often treated as if it were a single thing, monolithic and unambiguous. (What, by the way, is the term for the Jewish attitudes toward gentiles that correspond to antisemitism? "Antigentilism"? "Antigoyism"?)



In his 1967 autobiography, *Making It*, editor Norman Podhoretz told of his efforts to free *Commentary* of what he considered its defensive Jewish pro-Americanism and anti-Communism. Since then, however, Podhoretz has be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come a sort of middle-of-the-road activist, and *Commentary* has become a liberal magazine perpetually discovering conservative, or at least nonliberal, insights. The result has been exciting enough to make occasional headlines. Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg caused a furor a few months ago by adducing evidence that America was doing well by the Negro; Daniel Patrick Moynihan has lately written that the U.S. must begin talking back sharply to the Third World; and Robert W. Tucker aroused perhaps most comment of all by proposing that the U.S. seriously consider seizing Arab oil fields. Such notions pass all but unremarked, alas, in NATIONAL REVIEW; in *Commentary* they make news.

BUT THE newsiness matters much less than the substance of the articles themselves. *Commentary*'s interest so far transcends the trendy that it is able to offer back issues for sale—individually. There has been plenty lately for a conservative reader to delight in: recent contributors have included Hook, Irving Kristol, George Gilder, the late Alexander Bickel, Herman Kahn, Robert Nisbet, James Q. Wilson, Midge Decter, and Michael Novak—the new, improved Michael Novak. No other magazine has given as much critical scrutiny to the great god-term of this age, Equality, especially in two superb articles, one by Kristol ("About Equality," November 1972), the other by Nisbet ("The New Despotism," June 1975). Nisbet's analysis was especially devastating. Following his beloved Tocqueville (and with a close eye on his detested Rousseau), he argued that equality is inherently inimical to liberty, privacy, and both familial and voluntary associations; and that its realization demands, and has been used to justify, a vast increase and total centralization of political power. (Among the applied sciences, he notes, none is a more natural instrument for leveling men than Soviet psychiatry.) It is profitable, we are told, to read things you disagree with; but how often do you profit from reading what you expect to agree with even before you read it? In *Commentary* I frequently have the strange, surprising, and deeply gratifying sensation of learning how much more there is to my own positions than I had suspected.

That is *Commentary* at its best, which is a good deal of the time. Perhaps it can be called a conservative magazine, but it is not a magazine of the Right. It does not consider (for instance) such issues as whether economic freedoms belong to the same order as intellectual freedoms. But then it is a Jewish magazine, and it will be noted that all the issues I have cited so far are of special interest to Jews nowadays: Jewish-Negro relations are strained; the Third World, led by the Arabs, has been unremittingly hostile to Israel; affirmative action programs pose special threats to Jews, thus making equality an ambivalent term for Jews for perhaps the first time. It is tempting to explain *Commentary*'s newfound conservatism in sociological terms; one thinks of Macaulay's unfair but pointed remark that Burke chose his side like a fanatic, but defended it like a philosopher.

We may wonder, then, on what principle *Commentary* sets its agenda. It would be neither strange nor scandalous if its arguments were self-serving. What matters most, however, is whether the arguments are sound. It is when they bear most directly on Judaism and Jewry that I generally find them least convincing; Robert Alter's attack on John Murray Cuddihy's *The Ordeal of Civility* struck me as nervous nitpicking, unable to cite anything in support of his charge of reductionism, and therefore alleging instead Cuddihy's "clear tendency" in that direction. Most Jews—most peoples, for that matter—do not like to see themselves from the perspective of outsiders. They would rather be cursed from within than scrutinized from without. (I should add that the book has been saluted by at least two Jewish reviewers; but how sad to see in *Commentary* such a narrow treatment of its deep and capacious view of "the Jewish struggle with modernity"—Alter even misreads the subtitle.)

In the August issue, Rose G. Lewis considers the Arabs' recent public relations successes, and observes the importance of getting the right questions asked. "As long as everybody keeps talking about the right of Arabs alone to self-determination, half the victory is theirs, no matter what is said," she writes. Others have recognized the same principle. The July issue of *Commentary* was devoted to a large symposium on whether America is suffering from "a failure of nerve and a loss of political will." The answers were various and fascinating, all right; but what was most striking was that the more leftish respondents not only said No, but denounced and derided the question itself. "Relax, *Commentary*," began Ronald Steel. "Just because the United States has not bombed or invaded anyone this week does not mean that Western civilization is tottering on the brink of ruin."

What is happening here is that the fiction of the Open Society no longer serves the Left—or at least not the way it used to. *Commentary* is cagily acting as if such questions were really open, when in fact it opens them itself—by virtue of its influence—in the act of posing them: and men like Steel get mad, not without reason. As long as such questions are asked, his side is on the defensive, no matter what is said. Good work, Mr. Podhoretz. The great virtue of *Commentary* is that it gets these questions raised again in respectable (i.e., liberal) company. That it so often answers them so well is almost a supererogatory glory. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Suiting Up

My theatrical aspirations have never gone beyond the role of the grandmother in *Tobacco Road*, who moans so loud and so long onstage in her deplorable garments. But when I was introduced to the wonderful world of the Brooks-Van Horn Costume Company, the desire to become somebody else via a set of clothes became powerful indeed, though as yet unfulfilled. However, we shall see.

Brooks-Van Horn is the nation's most famous theatrical costumer and a multi-million-dollar business. The company owns a large building at 117 West 17th Street in New York City in which there are more than 300,000 rental costumes; large work rooms teeming with designers, tailors, and seamstresses working on the next production Brooks-Van Horn is costuming; milliners specializing in regal crowns, dragons' heads, and Paris frou-frou of the past; a dry-cleaning establishment; a research library; and offices with people going to and fro with costume sketches, odd bits of material, or perhaps an Elizabethan doublet. This is the ultimate fairy-tale world, a Fellini setting come to life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brooks-Van Horn creates theatrical costumes for whole shows, and rents costumes to anybody who wants them, from individuals like me who wanted to rent a Roman toga and a laurel wreath, to amateur and professional theatrical groups of all ages. The anterooms give you a taste of the shows Brooks has costumed. *No, No, Nanette*, *Camelot*, *Gypsy*, *Hello, Dolly!*, and on and on. Movies also figure prominently on the Brooks roster, *The Godfather* being just one of them. But this isn't all. Harold Blumberg, who runs the place (after Arthur Gerold, who is the president, and a working one), showed me a number of uniforms from 1775 to World War II, which he had reproduced with complete historical detail for our Armed Forces, to be used for formal and special occasions. I asked about the fabrics: the substitutions of modern ones were minor, to maintain historical accuracy. Brooks also costumes the Circus, which is the special pet of the president and a challenge all its own.

THE TWO THINGS that overwhelmed me were the number of costumes and the quality of their materials and workmanship. There isn't anything, it seems, that Brooks can't provide, be it a caveman loincloth, the dress of a colonial belle, crusader cloaks, A.D. 2000 space suits, and about everything worn in opera. Not just one or two of each, mind you, but a whole range of sizes and colors. As you walk through the floors on which these rental costumes are kept according to period and subject matter, racks after racks after racks all tightly packed, past piles of Roman helmets, plumed caps, Belle Epoque feather hats, and anything else that has ever sat on a human head, you can't believe your eyes. And then there are all the shows' wardrobes, kept together *in toto* so that they can go out at a moment's notice to a high school theatrical group or to a professional troupe in the hinterlands whose costumes were lost by some airline. Indeed, while I was in Mr. Gerold's office, he was frantically phoning across the country, to airlines and airports, about what happened to the costumes for one of his theatrical clients, whose show was playing first somewhere in the North and had just arrived in Dallas for its next engagement—without costumes. Getting all the relevant VPs of the airlines into the act, he finally located the costumes and got them to where they should have been in the first place. If he had not succeeded, he would have airmailed out an alternate set.

I had always imagined that theatrical costumes were in effect tinsel: made to show, but not to last. Well, I was wrong. All theatrical costumes have to be far more solidly constructed than ordinary clothes, in materials which will look good after the endless dry cleaning they have to undergo; few synthetics are used since they don't really last. Stage costumes take as much of a beating as the rental costumes, and both sorts, aside from the regular wear and tear, must suffer the alterations made to give each wearer a good fit. My own toga was fitted not by one, but by two fitters, and if I say so myself, I looked splendid, like something out of the later Roman Empire, when things were not as wholesome as they once had been (just the effect I wished to create).

When a new show is being costumed, I was told, Brooks discusses the specifications, the sketches, and the price with the designer and producer of the show. Then Brooks designers get to work, choosing fabrics, measuring the actors, making the patterns and getting the whole thing approved. A muslin is then made for the first fitting of each costume. The second fitting takes place when the costume is cut out of the proper fabric and basted together. The third fitting comes with the finished costume, for any touches that might be necessary.

The quality of the materials impressed me even more when I saw the costumes Brooks-Van Horn made for the current Shakespeare festival in Stratford, Connecticut. They were designed by Jane Greenwood, and are spectacular to look at and almost impossible to wear, as you will see. The costuming of the *Lear* production was to give a superhuman dimension to the characters, important in an almost propless setting. To achieve this, immense quantities of real velvets and silks, furs, leathers, and wools, not to mention paddings, were put into the women's and men's costumes. Goneril, played by Jane White, wore what I judged were some 25 or 30 pounds of blouse, padded and metal-decorated jacket, trailing skirt, furred leather cloak, and expensive (but invisible) combat boots. Alvah Stanley, the Duke of Cornwall, was splendid in tights, fur leggings, shoes, a gold raw-silk tunic with sleeves, a sleeveless tunic with two-inch padding, decorative metal armature, an enormous cape, and a wig—some fifty or sixty pounds of finery. I looked at the way the clothes were made by Brooks—constructed for eternity, I thought. But then, when they are on the rental racks, they will have to be fitted to whoever rents them, dry-cleaned after each rental, and so on; an hour of daily housekeeping keeps them in condition.

ANOTHER AMAZING THING is the speed with which a show can be costumed. Two weeks is the average for a simple show, which *Lear* was not, but it can be done in less time if necessary. Brooks-Van Horn has a professional staff of 75 to 150 people who have worked together for years, so that when the word is given, each knows exactly what to do, until the finished costumes go out in big canvas hampers.

Occasionally, Brooks-Van Horn will make costumes for individuals, such as opera singers who go on tour (Joan Sutherland, Roberta Peters, and Sherrill Milnes among them). The cost of costumes? Brooks keeps rather mum on the subject. But I was told that $3,000 would be low for a commercial production, but very high for a high school one.

And what rental costumes are most in demand? Depends on the time of the year (like Halloween), on the current news (very popular now are the space suits), on current successes (such as *Funny Girl*). The most asked-for sizes are 8 to 12 for women, 38 to 44 for men; but Brooks will be happy to fit you whatever you are. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP WANTED. National Review needs new readers. If you know anyone (friends, relatives or business associates) you think should be reading National Review, use the card facing this page to introduce them to NR *today*. There is no better place for them to find that happy balance to the liberal news media than in NR. Especially *now* during this time of galloping inflation, suffocating taxes, rising crime rates and a potential third party. You can introduce the person of your choice to NR at the special low rate of just $6.95 for thirteen big issues (six full months). Don't miss this opportunity to do a friend a favor—a favor that may well have a lasting impact on him in the important months to come.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

On Man the Sad Talker

The Message in the Bottle
By Walker Percy
Farrar, 352 pp., $8.95

HUGH KENNER

How you learned as much as you need to know to understand this page is something that's never been satisfactorily explained, though there has been no shortage of explanations. Set aside the complications of reading it; imagine that it's being *spoken* to you. I am willing to bet that these sentences—just these particular sequences of English words—have never solicited your attention before.* I know I've never assembled them before. And yet I feel sure that despite their novelty for both of us we share a pretty good understanding of their import. Otherwise I'd be playing syntactic games with myself, and you'd be doing no more than hark to the noises. Why is that not how it is?

Obviously we have both done something called "learning the language," and the Skinner Box boys are eager to tell us how anything gets learned: Stimulus and Response (S-R), with Positive and Negative Reinforcement. Give the parrot a cracker when he says *Cracker*, and to do a thorough job bang him over the head whenever he ought to say *Cracker* but says *Awwwwk*.

Noam Chomsky in 1959 did us all the favor of discrediting that forever as a theory of language acquisition. His case against S-R, first presented when he reviewed Skinner's *Verbal Behavior* in *Language*, vol. 35, is easy to summarize. It's not only too slow a way for thousands of words to be learned, it will not account at all for the remarkable fact that any child of three will suddenly start uttering an uncountable number of sentences he has never heard before.

Still, Chomsky's own famous work with the topology of syntax—its way of transforming between "deep" and "surface" structures—shouldn't blind us to the fact that he himself hasn't the ghost of an idea how the skill gets learned in the first place. He posits a metaphorical box of his own, a black box in the infant's head labeled Language Acquisition Device (LAD). It is filled, apparently, with abstract Language, and when, thanks to Mom and Dad talking, a sufficiency of local examples has gone in, the patois of the region will start coming out.

Walker Percy, MD and novelist, has been worrying at these matters for at least twenty years, making up novels, he says, to raise his spirits when he got stuck. Readers of *Love in the Ruins* and *The Moviegoer* will recognize abstracted ghosts of these books in the pages he has now collected, the record

of his real preoccupation all that time, assembled from journals as various as *Partisan Review* and *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*. The occasion for reprinting them with new material and enough diagramming to give page-flippers a suitable whiff of the abstract is that he has probably made a breakthrough. If he has—such is the importance of its subject—*The Message in the Bottle* may one day rank with *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, and 2475 be marked by semi-millennial celebrations.

This analogy isn't random. Mr. Percy's tone of congenital depression is strongly reminiscent of Copernicus' furtiveness about his own theory. Moreover, Copernicus had a lot of the facts wrong, and most of the details. What we honor him for is having drawn a picture with just the main essential correct: the sun at the center. Mr. Percy doesn't pretend to have done more than that, and what he puts at the center is as simple and blinding as the sun: the Naming Faculty.

Which I'll come to. But listen to his opening sentence, not a Skinnerian nor a Chomskyan opening: "Why does man feel so sad in the twentieth century?"

He goes on asking. Why did Kafka's friends roar with laughter when he read them his stories "about the sadness and alienation of life"? (No, they were not mocking Kafka.) Why is it all but impossible to see —really see—a dogfish in the zoology laboratory at Sarah Lawrence College? His opening gambit is to ask more than fifty such questions, in part to remind us that language isn't generated on blackboards.

And human alienation carries the reminder that animals don't get alienated. So there's something wrong with all efforts to explain man as an organism responding to an environment: otherwise he wouldn't feel so bad in the best environment he can manage. Animals never talk either. Can there be some connection?

"Animals never talk" means they never do more than, for instance, call for food, a purely instrumental use of

*And what makes you so sure of that, by the way? Think it over.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ PAPERBACKS: *Of Other Worlds* by C. S. Lewis is a mixed bag of essays, stories, and five chapters of an unfinished novel (Harvest, Oct., $2.75). The same house boxes the five volumes of *The Autobiography of Leonard Woolf* for $16.95 (Oct.). . . . Reissued: David Riesman's *Thorstein Veblen* (Seabury, Sept., $3.95). . . . Oversized: *The Art of Andrew Wyeth* (N.Y. Graphic, $9.95). . . . *The Silent Life* is a reprint of an early Thomas Merton, before he trailed off into relevance (Noonday, $2.95). . . . New and important: Christopher Dawson's *Religion and World History*, edited by James Oliver and the late author's daughter, Christina Scott, to include previously unpublished writings (Image, $2.45). For the same imprint, Phyllis McGinley selects three hundred of her best poems in *Times Three* ($2.45). . . . Bantam has the second of James Herriot's books about the world's best-loved veterinarian, *All Things Bright and Beautiful* ($1.95).

■ OCTOBER BOOKS: Whitney North Seymour Jr. catalogues his political grudges in *United States Attorney* (Morrow, $8.95). The same house offers Kyra Karadja's memoir of the Russian Revolution and the sufferings endured by her upper-class family in *Kyra* ($8.95). . . . C. P. Snow portrays *Trollope: His Life and Art* for Scribner ($17.50). . . . Harrison Salisbury essays a novel about a Russian dissident writer who is sent into exile, *The Gates of Hell* (Random, $10). . . . Mary Renault turns from fictional portraits of Alexander the Great to straight biography in *The Nature of Alexander* (Pantheon; $15 to Jan. 1, then $17.95). . . . Have the Soviets managed to re-program human nature? Not according to Yuri Brokhin, Russian film director (and onetime gypsy cab driver). He examines the seamy side of life under Marxism in *Hustling on Gorky Street: Sex and Crime in Russia*. The publisher, Dial Press, doesn't mention whether Brokhin has fled, gone underground, or left himself public and vulnerable ($7.95).

Important and sure to be widely noticed: Robert Nisbet's *Twilight of Authority* (Oxford, $10.95). The same house has a new work of criticism by F. R. Leavis, *The Living Principle* ($12.95), and an illustrated facsimile of William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* ($16.95; Galaxy paperback, $7.95). . . . Ex-*NR* staffer David Franke exhumes the story of *The Torture Doctor*, Herman W. Mudgett, who slaughtered and dissected upwards of two hundred Chicago women in the 1890s (Hawthorne, $8.95). . . . Historian Edmund S. Morgan studies *American Slavery—American Freedom* in colonial Virginia (Norton, $9.95). For the same house, another adulatory life of *César Chavez*, this by Jacques E. Levy ($12.95).

---

language and not what Mr. Percy means by talking, though experts refuse to perceive a distinction here. What Mr. Percy means by talking begins with the human need to *name* absolutely everything, regardless of whether the names promise any practical use. Men will even name the craters on the far side of the moon, so little can they bear to have anything go nameless. (Why?)

AND AFFIRMING something's name, they identify name and thing. That *is* a balloon. The child's hunger to know what a thing is, that is, a hunger for its name, is satisfied by learning the name. Here Korzybski overcompensated, insisting *ad nauseam* that the name is not to be confused with the thing. Mr. Percy reminds us mildly that Korzybski's followers wrestle with an unreal devil: nobody ever tried to eat the word "sandwich." "The fallacy of misplaced concreteness" (treating "democracy" as though it enjoyed the reality of "sandwich") is something else entirely, a fecund source of trouble but no threat to our mysterious certainty that a thing's reality invests its name.

So we name our way through the world. If we didn't we'd be more at home in it, like cats, happy when warm and fed. But we do, and feel alienated. We create a whole second world of names, in which nothing is an individual but only a class ("ball" names the class of balls), and feel homeless in it because it swallows up individuality the way a tourist's expectation of the Eiffel Tower blots up his capacity to experience the real Eiffel Tower (which he merely photographs). That's what happens to the laboratory dogfish too: it becomes one of a class, and we all lose interest.

And then, oddly enough, stories about how homeless we feel, stories like Kafka's, made out of those very names, have the power to make us feel happy.

There's a mystery here which the book doesn't pretend to solve. What it does offer to do is base serious thinking about language on reality: on the unconjurable fact that a name is an affirmation. The bare word "balloon" affirms that something is a balloon. But the minute a professor of linguistics puts a sentence on the board for analysis the sentence disappears, the way the dogfish disappears in the lab (but if you found the dogfish on the beach you'd be interested in it, or in the sentence if it came ashore in a bottle). The sentence on the board is no longer a sentence precisely because no one is affirming it. It is merely the circuit diagram of a sentence, and no amount of transformational analysis will tell us how it came into existence.

(The linguistics professor says "meaning" is a problem he hasn't time for. That's like a biologist saying he can't be bothered about "life.")

SO THE germinal sentence has *one* word: child points, father says "ball." It unites "not two syntactic elements, but a class of sounds and a class of experienced objects." And it is "a special case of the more fundamental human capacity to couple any two things at all and see one through the mirror of the other. Thus, the child's sudden inkling that the thing ball 'is' the sound *ball* is the progenitor not only of all future sentences about balls but also of his grasp of metaphor, art, and music." (Aristotle baffled generations of commentators by saying you could imitate human character by playing a tune on the flute. Here the Percy Principle helps unbaffle us.)

Committed to the "structural" view that the two parts of a sentence must be two words, orthodox theory pays little attention while the child goes around learning the name of everything in sight. It is waiting for him to link pairs of words in "sentences," not recognizing the name itself as a sentence. And about the time it pricks up its ears and commences to make diagrams, the important action is over. By the time the child has learned a thousand words he has already uttered a thousand different sentences, all unheard by Professor Chomsky. *The thing named is the front half of the sentence that names it.*

It was only when he heard little

Hugh Kenner *teaches English at Johns Hopkins.* . . . **Anne Crutcher** *writes for the* Washington Star. . . . **Stephen Tonsor** *teaches intellectual history at the University of Michigan.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children uttering their myriads of *grammatically complete* sentences that Chomsky smashed the Skinner Box and contrived his own mysterious LAD. All the LAD box contains, in Percy's view, is a "coupler," which was busy coupling word to experience when Chomsky wasn't paying attention, and soon couples word to word ("daddy car") to affirm all manner of things. With just fifty words you can make 2,450 different doublets—hence the two-year-old's language explosion—and each of them can utter quite an array of intentions: Daddy drives the car, Daddy is in the car, Daddy is under the car . . . Mother knows what "daddy car" means because she's looking. We only need the full sentence, the one that captures Chomsky's attention, "Daddy has wrecked the car," when Mother is in the next room and can't see what the child sees. He soon learns to put in those explicating pieces.

But as to what it is that does the coupling—"an 'I,' a 'self,' or some neurophysiological correlate thereof," Mr. Percy in his disarmingly frank last sentence "could not begin to say."

That's a sentence about you and me. There's a novel in it. □

America in the Movies
By Michael Wood
Basic Books, 206 pp., $10

MAKING MOVIES MAKE SENSE

ANNE CRUTCHER

Movies are like wine in more than just having a tendency to cheer the heart while fuddling the wits. They bring out the most extravagant preciosities in people who, on other subjects, can talk reasonably down-to-earth sense. Let Marilyn Monroe come up and there they are, issuing orotund periods about mythic innocence, for all the world like wine buffs waxing eloquent over the austere piquancies of an as yet inarticulate young Burgundy.

Well, the good news is that Michael Wood doesn't. This Cambridge-educated Englishman with a passion for American movies knows all about emblematic validity and the elegiac mode, but it doesn't keep him from having intelligible thoughts on Hollywood's big themes and characteristic treatments and what they may have to tell us about ourselves.

His basic belief about American movies in the mass audience days of the Forties and Fifties is that the dream machine was less often peddling love fulfillment than dealing in complex negative reassurances as likely to be intellectual as visceral. Wood has the acuity to see that the craving of ordinary people to have the world make sense is at least as deep as the desire for help in fantasizing sexual success.

"Movies," he says, "assuage the discomforts of blurred minds." Sometimes they do it by fuzzing the painful contradictions of experience. Wood gets some of his best examples from Westerns, which manage to glorify anarchy, individual heroism, and the civilized values of law and order in a vision that seems to harmonize everybody's ambivalences.

Yes, there is the primal disorder in all of its attractiveness and terror. The pretty girls alternately shrink and flash defiance as the bold and bad take what they want, with guns if they're bandits, with trickery if they're bankers or Eastern railroad men. And then comes the hero to pull a faster gun and slicker tricks against the authority of guns and tricks. As contradiction dissolves contradiction, he leaves the town to the good and necessary and constraining rule of law, and moves on to the excitements of other lawless places. He's got it both ways—the virtue of being a champion of structured community, the fun of acting in an arena where you make your own rules.

WOOD ALSO SHOWS how the movies console the intellectually troubled by isolating an abstraction and pretending it's The Problem, which will go away if defined boldly and simplistically enough, like the one trauma that explained everything in the old psychiatrist pictures. Thus the agonizing subtleties of race tension disappear in the deceiving obviousness of the *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* thesis: if only rich white liberals would let their blandly pretty daughters marry the handsome, brilliant, and successful sons of black postmen everything would be all right.

Wood is at his best in exploring the conflicts in matters of competition, success, and death that American films are trying to tame. He talks about the Western gunfight and other tough-guy confrontations as attempts to exorcise the tensions of wanting to be both ruthless enough to win and nice enough to live with yourself without having to be a loser. A Gary Cooper, who couldn't stop being nice even when forced to be the fastest gun, was the magical answer. We could have the moral cake and eat it too.

Wood is also very good on film techniques, such as the Hitchcock way of lingering on some detail of the ordinary and commonplace long enough to make it unbearably sinister. Good on movie splendors of the Cecil B. DeMille type, too. He does at times fall into the writing-about-the-cinema trap and try to orchestrate too many symbols. There are some leopards in a Kafka temple while descendants of Orpheus are looking over their shoulders and . . .

But there are also many, many aspects of American movies that are the more enjoyable and significant because Michael Wood has turned his mind to them. □

The Twenties
By Edmund Wilson
Edited and with an introduction by Leon Edel
Farrar, 557 pp., $10

LONER AMONG THE LITERATI

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

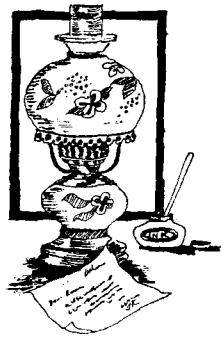
The American 1920s here presented are not the glittering literary Twenties of Scott Fitzgerald's weekends, of Zelda's magenta fan, of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson's bridal caravan, of George Jean Nathan's haughty prose, of the Algonquin's Round Table. Rather, they are for the most part the common-life Twenties, viewed and transcribed in the working notebooks and journals of a loner among American literati, who occasionally tosses in a shrewd vignette of one of the literary pantheon of a glamorous era.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In *Upstate* (his chronicle of life in Talcottville, N.Y. from the Fifties to the Seventies), Edmund Wilson concluded retrospectively that "the Twenties had been a sordid period." Reading the present tome, one suspects that he probably had, at bottom, little respect for his fellow authors of the period: certainly he was unimpressed by the Algonquin savants, of whom he writes that they set a tone "deriving from a provincial upbringing of people who had been taught a certain kind of gentility, who had played the same games and read the same children's books—all of which they were now able to mock from a level of New York sophistication."

But if Wilson was fundamentally too serious a character for the literary smart set, he was also too stolid a man not to fret amid the highminded seriousness of the Greenwich Village intelligentsia among whom he lived and worked during much of this period: with the exception of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, with whom for a time Wilson was in love, the superintellectuals of the Twenties are given very little play in this book. (Although Wilson was working on the magazine during these years, *The New Republic* is scarcely mentioned.)

ONE REASON for the comparative lack of attention paid to writers and writing in *The Twenties* is, of course, that Wilson's strictures on authors, dead and alive, were being routinely published in the course of his work as a journalist, so that *The New Republic* served as the repository of most of his literary observations. Still, I cannot but suspect that Wilson did not much care for the company of *homo scribens*. He read books, of course; but when he left the study he turned as often as not to the company of more ordinary folk. And it is this preoccupation with ordinary America that *The Twenties* does so much to elucidate, especially when it is read in tandem with *I Thought of Daisy*, a novel Wilson published in 1929, which pits intellectual *haute couture* against American common sense, and for which Wilson drew heavily upon the raw material that now appears in *The Twenties*.



In *A Prelude*, Wilson claimed that upon his graduation from Princeton he was "entirely unable to get along with ordinary people." Part of the cause of this was his patrician upbringing, part his temperamental aloofness. But after his return from France, where he had served in an ambulance unit during the war, he attempted to reach out across the barriers that separated him from common existence: to distill, like Thomas Wolfe, an entire continent (in *Daisy*, the protagonist, returning from Europe, greets Staten Island with a Wolfean shout: " 'There was America, I had felt with emotion—there under that lonely street-lamp, in that raw and vivid light!' ").

THIS REACHING provides the substance of *The Twenties*, the records of a man who considers himself a so-called "creative writer." Here he flexes his descriptive powers, hones his talents for characterization, tries to put the mundane on paper. His eye for detail is, God knows, finely jeweled: "The volume of Anatole France lay lightly on the table, its lemon-colored cover curling a little at the edges. Its proportions were as slender and graceful as those of a French window"—a painter's simile if ever there was one. But, like Daisy in the novel, Wilson seems to have "kept waiting for . . . incidents to develop into anecdotes in which something entertaining would happen." Alas, they never do: the several contemporary short stories included among the journals are, like *Daisy*, as rigid as tankers in a heavy sea. Wilson was, quite simply, incapable of working his sense of dramatic narrative into his fictional enterprises, and by the end of the Twenties he seems to have been able to acknowledge this, just as he was acknowledging his terrible suspicion that "Literature is merely the result of our rude collisions with reality," that literature, far from solving the conundrums of human existence, actually falsifies life by offering illusory solutions that serve merely to alleviate the artist's *angst*. The preoccupation with this idea is the informing theme of *The Twenties*, and underlies *Axel's Castle*, on which Wilson was already at work.

By 1930—the year of his 35th birthday, of his divorce from his first wife, the actress Mary Blair, and of his nervous breakdown—Wilson had grappled, more or less successfully, with matters that had to be dealt with before he could move into his literary majority. In *Upstate* he recalls telling himself as a child, " 'I am a poet,' then after a moment corrected myself, 'No: I am not quite a poet, but I am something of the kind.' " By the end of the Twenties, he appears to have gained a pretty fair idea as to what his kind was. If he could not write superior fiction, then he could turn his taste for dramatic narrative to literary criticism as he later did in *To the Finland Station* and *Patriotic Gore*. His observant eye, his brilliant evocative and associative gifts, could be turned loose upon such subjects as the Talcottville years, as well as exercised in short factual pieces like his *New Republic* article on the Scottsboro case. If the body of his work possesses something of a superficial quality, if his stories lack dramatic and psychological tension and his criticism the complexity of a system of rigorous historical analysis, then it also possesses a simple clarity, an informing plainness, to which it owes its magisterial presence. Wilson came to discover during the Twenties that, as he wrote in *Daisy*, "literature was as necessary as making tables": that literature could be "reality—as natural as conversation, as deep as life itself"—as long as its practitioners were cognizant of their own limitations and those of their medium. □

FICTION

Pages from a Cold Island
By Frederick Exley
Random, 274 pp., $7.95

A Fan's Notes
By Frederick Exley
Random, 385 pp., $10 (cloth), $4.95 (paper)

LITTLE TO CHEER ABOUT

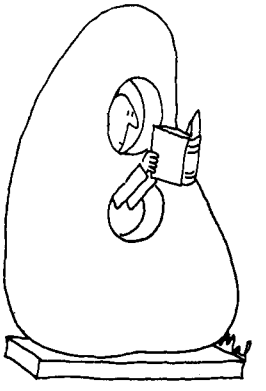
RONALD DE FEO

When Frederick Exley's "fictional memoir," *A Fan's Notes*, appeared back in 1968 it was generally well received by the critics; sales were respectable, if not exactly remarkable; and the book received the Faulkner Award for the year's most notable first novel. Then Exley and his book seemed to vanish —a not uncommon fate for first novelists and their work. *A Fan's Notes*,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, developed something of an underground reputation. Some months ago, perhaps sparked by the news that a second book by Exley was forthcoming, a number of magazines ran tributes to the author and his neglected work. Random House has now issued a new edition of *A Fan's Notes* along with the long-awaited sequel. While it is good to see the old book again, one wishes it had appeared under different circumstances, for the sequel, *Pages from a Cold Island*, is a severe disappointment.

First, some words about the earlier and far better book. *A Fan's Notes* might be described as an imaginative rendering of the author's life. The narrator—Exley himself, or at least Exley's idea of himself—bares his soul, telling us in intensely personal detail of his boozing and womanizing, his dreams and failures, his half-hearted attempts to lead an average life, his breakdowns and his stays at mental institutions, and the strange cast of characters he has encountered during his "long malaise." Using football to represent the game of life, he suggests that it is his fate "to sit in the stands with most men and acclaim others, . . . to be a fan." If he has learned anything from life in these United States it is that a man is either a success or a failure. For Exley, at least, there is no middle ground.



Resigning himself to the notion that he is a hopeless case, he lives through others, setting up heroes in the sports and literary worlds and worshipping them. *A Fan's Notes* is both a funny and a sad book, exploring the American obsession with "making it." It contains some splendid writing, a host of memorable tales and character sketches, and, above all, a sense of a man who has lived and suffered. At times the book tends toward inflated prose and overdrawn scenes and sections (the chapter on "Mr. Blue," for example, is not important enough to warrant such space), and we do occasionally grow weary of the self-deprecating Exley persona, but as a whole *A Fan's Notes* is an unmistakable achievement.

At one point in *Pages from a Cold Island* Exley tells us that some readers of his first book expressed doubts that he would produce anything more because of the exhaustive nature of that initial performance. Their doubts were not entirely groundless, for although Exley has written a second book, the more we read of it, the more we begin to feel that he has already said all there is to say about himself.

We find him traveling from his homes in Alexandria Bay, New York and Singer Island, Florida to track down the ghost of Edmund Wilson in Talcottville, New York, to confront Gloria Steinem in Key Biscayne, to meet Norman Mailer at a Manhattan restaurant, to teach creative writing at the Iowa City Writing Workshop. At times, we suspect that he is "on the road" so much not out of curiosity or a spirit of adventure, but because of a desperate need to acquire new experiences and material for another book (the one we are reading). Exley tries too hard to impress us with the significance of the moment. And often, despite his lengthy efforts and his tough, no-holds-barred tone, he fails to convince us that the moment really has such significance.

He grants, for example, a great deal of space to Steinem. After reading his merciless account, we wonder why he bothered with her in the first place. Did she honestly hold so much fascination for him? Is she so important that we must be treated to gossip about her sex life? Granted, Exley's account is funny (though tasteless), but we are finally tempted to ask: Who cares? When the disillusioned author dismisses Gloria from his mind, suggesting that she might do something meaningful with her life, like bowing her head at Edmund Wilson's grave, we, in turn, can suggest to Exley that he do something meaningful with his talent rather than chasing and analyzing the uninteresting Ms. Steinem.

Since Edmund Wilson is one of Exley's literary heroes, it is not surprising that some of the best passages in the book focus on Exley's visit to Wilson's upstate New York home and his conversations with Wilson's secretary Mary Pcolar. But even in the Wilson sections we feel that Exley is working at too high a pitch. His awe of Wilson inspires him to produce gushing and embarrassing passages noting his sense of loss and despair. He reminds us that Wilson never made the cover of *Time* and that his books never sold as well as those of Harold Robbins and Jackie Susann. I would imagine that Wilson might have found some solace in these facts of literary life. Of Wilson's stature and value there is no question: to read him was both a joy and an education. But we do wonder what it is about Wilson and his work that stimulates Exley. Since he spends so much time mourning him, it is odd that he is never very specific about his passion.

A Fan's Notes was an intense, deeply felt book. By comparison, *Pages from a Cold Island* is slack, gossipy, and often petty. The troubled, defeated, comic narrator of the earlier book has grown coarse and loud. The new book is very readable, but from Exley we expected far more. At one point, he quite rightly accuses Mailer of posing and posturing, but he obviously fails to see these very elements in himself. □

Shelley: The Pursuit
By Richard Holmes
Dutton, 829 pp., $22.50

POET OF GNOSTICISM

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

When Shelley's body was washed up on an Italian beach in the summer of 1822 it must have seemed to all who knew that odd, tormented, and frenzied man that the daily reality of his life, the muddy matrix out of which his creativity took its form, was lost forever. And for a very long time much of it was lost—lost or obscured by a myth which substituted a publicly acceptable image for the dark reality. Shelley lived, however, in a blizzard of paper; and when Richard Holmes pieced it all together, with both sense and sensibility, Shelley the man was recovered and his poetry was given a new and exciting dimension. This is a great biography written in the grand and leisured style of a more spacious era. Holmes refrains from easy moralizing and tendentious psychoanalytic insinuations. Shelley is permitted to reveal himself in his own words and actions, and so skillful is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the biographer's exposition that neither Shelley's genius nor his awful degradation needs underlining.

The portrait of the man is not a pleasant one. Holmes permits the myth of the "blithe spirit" to perish by its own hand; and the living reality is not the sort that once made Shelley so popular with celibate, middle-aged female high school English teachers. It is not that the high ideals of the poet had such a shabby contrast in the moral squalor of his personal life. That shabby contrast is the substance of many lives, especially those which combine a honed sensibility and an extraordinary imaginative capacity for the possibilities of sense and passion and experience. That Shelley left a trail of human devastation like the swath cut by a destroying angel, while not admirable, is understandable. Nor does the fascination with the poet's life lie either in the quality of his poetry alone or in the energy and passionate conviction with which he pursued his calling to venereal pleasure. In both these matters there have been greater and more heroic figures.

SHELLEY IS fascinating because he was the first of the great gnostic moderns who set for themselves no less a task than the dethronement of God and the total destruction of the social order. Lucifer and Prometheus were his heroes; he is the prototype of the gnostic poet-magi, and he believed that his power over the word would ultimately give him a transforming power over men. Few "modern" poets have been as well schooled in the occult, have stood as close to the hermetic tradition. Though he was not a member of the Illuminati, he read their literature and admired their conspiracy. He anticipated Marx by a generation, and his conceptual language with respect to Promethean revolution has a sophistication and subtlety which the lumbering Marx was unable to achieve even in his most inspired moments.

Shelley could not bear the human condition, and he struck out at it and the God he believed to be its author. (His hatred for God the Father no doubt comes from his intense detestation of his own father.) All limitation bore for Shelley the mark of tyranny. By love and magic, the dethronement of the gods, the extinction of tyrants, and the abolition of property, the great wound in nature was to be healed and alienation was to be overcome. Of course, he was a vegetarian and a remittance man. The gnostic, occult, magical dimension to the political and artistic avant garde is the least known and most influential side of Romanticism. In this as in the more strictly formalistic aspects of his poetry Shelley was the great innovator. And it was to this that the personal tragedy and moral squalor of his life can be traced.

We cannot forget, however, that he was a poet. In spite of the windy rhetorical abstractions to which his politics gave rise, Shelley achieved effects without equal among the English Romantic poets. His ability to penetrate the essence of the instantaneous and permit us to perceive in it the eternal was a unique achievement, and although his inverted system turned his own and others' lives into a hell, like many another Lucifer he knew the map of heaven. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

EDWARD VIII, *by Frances Donaldson (Lippincott, 440 pp., $15).* With kings like Britain's last Edward among us, monarchy needs no enemies. Lady Donaldson, as if to prove this, has recorded in detail his deterioration from enchanted prince to *roué manqué* to sad-faced clown ("the weary, wayward, wandering ghost" of the 1950s and '60s). As Prince of Wales after World War I, Edward, though wan and languorous and far from virile, became a pop hero on both sides of the Atlantic and attained a cult popularity matching that of Valentino, Novarro, and Bill Tilden—nor was mass acclaim all he shared with those idols of long ago. The abdication crisis of 1936 bore out all too clamorously the forebodings of his father, the austere George V: "After I am dead, the boy will ruin himself in 12 months." And the boy did, in 11 months. The boy was 42. Then followed the puzzling marriage to an icy bride and a long flirtation with continental fascism (to the end of his life, the ex-king insisted that Hitler and Mussolini could have been Britain's best friends). The end was a tiring but opulent pilgrimage across the decades from Paris to Palm Beach to New York to the Riviera, the humiliated Duke and his Duchess ambiguously hovering between café-society and the jet-set.

J. D. FUTCH

BLACK FICTION, *by Roger Rosenblatt (Harvard University Press, 211 pp., $10).* Finally, a superlative study of American Negro writing eschewing both the condescension usually shown by whites, and that self-conscious truculence *de rigueur* for blacks "criticizing" their own literary achievements. Dr. Rosenblatt avoids also the predictable chronological approach as well as the urge to be encyclopedic. He concentrates on one dominant theme—a cyclical interpretation of history—and shows that the linear progression in Negro fiction suggests a logical growth within the compass of that theme. The analysis of thirty or so major works is consistently challenging, often wry, frequently brilliant, and heightened by Rosenblatt's unobtrusive but invariably apt use of Biblical and other literary wellsprings, plus occasional serendipitous dips into contemporary non-Negro cultural examples. "The Bible," he writes, "and aspects of Christian doctrine play an important role in these novels, particularly as literary referents; but they do not control the books in the sense of providing reasons for action or explanations of thought." This ability to draw the finest distinctions infuses Rosenblatt's graceful, insightful prose. *Black Fiction* offers exemplary instruction in good writing as well as a firm education in its specific subject. A few solid books on Negro writing have appeared before this, but none has surpassed it and, most likely, none will.

DAVID BRUDNOY

A REHABILITATION OF SAY'S LAW, *by W. H. Hutt (Ohio University Press, 158 pp., $8).* "Was Keynes a Keynesian?" asked an article in a professional journal not long ago. Economists are now wondering what the Keynesian revolution was all about. They have grown uncomfortable over the rather schizoid treatment of macro and micro in most texts: in macro we learn that markets don't function, but in micro we learn that they do. Hutt, a scholar whose *Theory of Idle Resources* was a pathbreaker for modern labor search theory, shows how Say's Law bears on this topic—indeed, how it explains depressions in terms of microeconomics. Depressions are the result of the failure of the pricing mechanism to coordinate resources. Indeed, as UCLA's Professor Leijonhufvud points out, Keynes's multiplier is based upon refusals to sell at prices consistent with the coordination of the economy. The multiplier does illustrate Say's Law, properly defined: "The collective means of payment of the whole nation . . . consist in its annual produce" (James Mill, 1808). Now if some prices are too high, the annual produce must shrink. Moreover, the ripple effects of too-high prices soon spread through the economy: excess capacity and unsold inventories are catching. This is the true multiplier. Hutt calls for measures that add more flexibility to prices. Unions, for example, cause downward wage rigidity. Their power should be curbed.

MARK PETERSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

YOUR RESUME. Write it yourself. Instructions, samples, forms: $2.00. Resume Company, Dept. R, 359 Jersey Ave., Fairview, N.J. 07022.

CONSERVATIVE SENATOR immediately needs attorney with experience and interest in economics to develop and track legislative program of regulatory reform. Technical and drafting knowledge helpful. Send resume and salary requirements to NR Box 1953.

Situations Wanted

FIVE VIETNAMESE fluent in English, seek employment.

1. Miss Le Thi Le-Chi: B.S. in English, French, and Library Science, author, and Chief Librarian in Vietnam.

2. Mr. Le Xuan Dinh: Col. Dinh was Chief of Administration of General Staff of ARVN. Experienced manager.

3. Mr. Ngo Dinh Long: PhD Electrical Engineering. Supervised nuclear research in Vietnam. University Dean and consultant.

4. Mr. Duong Chi Thanh: B.S. Civil Engineering. Staff member of Public Works in Saigon.

5. Mr. Le Duc Luu: Author, journalist, radio commentator in Vietnam and U.S.

For further details please write NR Box 1948.

STARTING A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL? Do it right with the right Headmaster. I may be your man. Mid-40's. Liberal arts, theological and educational degrees, plus experience. Salary negotiable with the right challenge. Write NR Box 1947.

DISCREET, EXPERIENCED PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR . . . Background Reports . . . Missing Persons . . . Personal Escort/Protection . . . W. F. Haubert, Box 106, Woodbury, N.Y. 11797. (516) 921-8375.

YOUNG MILITARY OFFFICER with distinguished record and Cornell Economics Degree seeks challenging managerial position. Write NR Box 1949.

RETIRING US DC8 707 CAPTAIN desires job flying. Jet, turbine, piston, light aircraft, 22,000 hours, all international and domestic routes. Resume, references available. Write NR Box 1950.

Real Estate

SALE—31 acre farm $72,700. Lake site, boat dock, large trees, weems, Virginia. Write Pollard, Route 1, Lancaster, Va. 22503.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

DISTINGUISHED LANDMARK: Colonial house for sale in Kent, Ct. 12 beautiful rooms, 2.7 acres, brook, pool. $135,000. Why not settle in the country? Call Mrs. Irving at Marcia L. Burnham & Associates, Kent, Ct. (203) 927-3198.

WESTCHESTER, COLONIAL, large entrance foyer, immaculate 6 bedrooms, half acre, park-like setting, 3 full baths, 2 half-baths, 2 fireplaces, kitchen w/dutch oven and beamed ceiling, large studio with beamed cathedral ceiling leading to outdoor deck w/awning, near churches, schools, shopping, 29 minutes from Manhattan. In the $90's. Call (914) 738-5406.

BEAUTIFUL 4 ROOM APARTMENT attached to old farmhouse on 300 acre secluded Berkshire Hills farm in southwest Massachusetts. Two bedrooms, Franklin stove, partially furnished, private pond for swimming and fishing. Nearby ski and cultural areas. Beautiful views. Hear the owls at night, cocks crowing in the morning, and cowbells in the distance. Year 'round only at $300 per month plus utilities. Write NR Box 1956.

Travel

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT CRUISES. Treat yourself to the unique and nostalgic experience of a voyage on our heartland rivers. Take the popular Delta Queen or the luxurious new Mississippi Queen and see America now as America was. It's the perfect bicentennial vacation. For a 1976 cruise brochure write The Delta Queen, Dept. NA 09, 322 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

60 FT. SCHOONER available for charter in Florida and Bahamas. Air-conditioned, 3 private staterooms accommodates party of six. Main saloon equipped with bar refrigerator, sink, piano, TV. Large comfortable sheltered lounging and dining area on deck. Licensed Captain, cook, and mate at your service. All C.G. equipment. For brochure and information write or call: Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 679-7330.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ENGINEER, 38, seeks nonsmoking, nautical, musical, Reaganite woman about 30. Minneapolis area. Write NR Box 1954.

YOUNG WOMAN, 32, attractive, loves old movies, D. H. Lawrence, Alexander King, seeks bright man, 30-45 with sense of humor. Tampa Bay area. Write NR Box 1955.

For Sale

READER'S DIGEST CONDENSED BOOKS, complete 100 volume set 1950-1974. Best offer. Maryrose Wampler flower prints. Registered plates 1 through 8 from Griggsville Wildbird Society. Current list $875. Will sell for $480. Elmstrom, 1621 Normandy Way, Leesburg, Fla. 32748.

ART PRINT. Prince Valiant comic page 2000, signed Hal Foster. Limited edition 751/1000. Make offer. Write NR Box 1952.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS — Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Neb. 68501 for free brochure.

Literary

THE FUTURE: Catalogue of Resources lists books, tapes, games dealing with possible future developments in technology and society. 25¢. World Future Society, Dept. L, 4916 St. Elmo Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

BOOK SEARCHING: All subjects. Lists mailed. REGENT HOUSE. 108 N. Roselake, Los Angeles, Ca. 90026.

WRITERS AND ASPIRING WRITERS—Let me introduce you to one of the most exciting offers you've ever received—or money refunded immediately! Send $2—Bob Baldwin c/o Towers Club, Box 209R-2, Delta, Pa. 17314.

Miscellaneous

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

PLEASE ADOPT ME. German Shepherd/Retriever male, year, obedience trained, loves conservatives, and children. No money needed—only love. "KING." Write NR Box 1951.

READ FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, OR SPANISH within weeks without memorizing anything. Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free London Daily Telegraph feature article. Templegate Publishers, Dept. E, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE. 1,400 new stereo recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. Musical Heritage, Society, Box 932 NW, New York, N.Y. 10023.

FASTEST PIANO COURSE EVER! Two hands one hour! Box 751-N La Canada, Ca. 91011.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE, computerized matching, nationwide, low fee. Free questionnaire. "Team," 1270 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

FREUD'S DOCTOR thought Biorhythm was the key to human sexuality. Hitachi Industries (and 5000 other Japanese firms) think Biorhythm analysis is an essential part of industrial safety. We think you'll be interested in our free color brochure describing this new science. Send 25¢ for postage and handling to Keithe Laboratories, Dept. NR-1, P. O. Box 26967, Tempe, Ariz. 85282.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

NATIONAL REVIEW

Charismatics.

When mere routine takes over, when churches become bureaucracies, social organizations, and babysitting functionaries, and when secular political concerns increasingly intrude, there is bound to be a movement seeking a return to the spiritual and emotional essence of the institution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUKES

(Continued from page 991)

sons, consumers in underdeveloped countries spend too much money on it. (Pepsi and the Uncola escaped unscathed.) Evidently the Food Day organizers would withhold simple pleasures from the less fortunate for their own good: dietetic imperialism, you might say.

As Food Day approached, the "organic" crowd apparently persuaded the sponsors to condemn chemical fertilizers and pesticides, a proscription which, if it were realized, would guarantee starvation in much of the world. This was too much for Harvard's Mayer; he bailed out, writing to Jacobson, "The inane material you have on agriculture in your Food Day pamphlet is obviously going to make the organic nuts [sic] very happy, but it has nothing to do with feeding the world and cheaper costs of food. If you don't understand modern agriculture, just stay out of it and don't encourage people to believe that small organic farms are going to give us all the food we need for the world." Jacobson retorted, "I simply have not been able to check every word that leaves the office." That's for sure.

Meanwhile, the winged words flew all over the country throughout Food Week. A speaker on WCBS charged the Boeing Aircraft Company with the sinister crime of growing potatoes. (In view of the current farm price of potatoes, perhaps Boeing was after a tax dodge.) On *AM America*, Mrs. Gussow, a champion of organic foods who has boasted of her lack of "undergraduate conditioning" in nutrition, was introduced as an expert in nutritional science. The schools of the country were flooded with warnings against the Terrible Ten. Senator Schweiker showed up on a Public Broadcasting program to tender his views on sugar. Senator Kennedy pushed a bill forbidding the use of diethylstilbestrol for beef cattle—which would require the substitution of *more than a million tons of corn* for the sake of preventing, at most, one case of cancer in the entire U.S. during the next 2,500 years.

Thousands died of starvation in India and Bangladesh that week, whose lives might have been saved by that corn. Or by American dog and cat food. Or by the food that wasn't produced because the Arabs burned up natural gas that could have been used to make ammonia. Or by the bread that will be moldy because of the "organic" campaign against preservatives. Or by the bread, bacon, sugar, and beef we're supposed to throw away. Or even by a few non-union grapes. □

WITONSKI

(Continued from page 993)

form of socialism," and called for a constitution based on liberty and democracy. (Whether this is what Atunes really believes is less certain; some circles in Portugal believe him to be a Marxist.)

General Carvalho, who only a few weeks before the publication of Melo Atunes' memorandum had called for the mass arrest of all "anti-revolutionary Portuguese" (whom he proposed to house in the bullring at Campo Pequeno), suddenly declared himself a champion of civil liberties. He urged that his plan for a worker-controlled democracy would better achieve "true liberty" than the party-based pluralism of Melo Atunes. But Carvalho, being a realist, may well be willing to chuck his plan if it fails to gain much support. He no longer has Communist backing, and his once loyal COPCON troops have been openly endorsing the anti-Communists, and have even joined with the anti-Communist crowds as they looted Communist Party headquarters.

General Spínola remains, among the professional soldiers, the most popular figure in the Portuguese military. Photographs of the monocled general adorn the walls of barracks throughout Portugal, and it is clear that the leaders of the Armed Forces Movement fear Spínola's influence. "Should Spínola return," a Portuguese journalist told me recently, "Carvalho and his gang know they will end up in jail. They know that Spínola will never forgive them for accusing him of leading a pseudo-coup he knew nothing about."

There are good reasons to believe that Gonçalves and a number of other pro-Communist officers will be retired in the next few weeks. If Gonçalves is not sacked, the opposition forces within the military will be hard, if not impossible, to contain. Melo Atunes and his group would like to see the Armed Forces Movement disbanded and free elections called. But this seems unlikely. Soldiers who have tasted power are always reluctant to return to their barracks, and the Portuguese military is no exception to this rule. It only remains to be seen which ideological wing of the military takes over. If it is the Right, the Communists will go underground, and try to subvert the country. If the Left takes over, civil war will be inevitable.

As the situation in Portugal heads toward its final resolution, thousands of Portuguese are returning to the shrine at Fátima, where the Blessed Virgin spoke to a group of Portuguese shepherd children toward the end of World War I. The Virgin prophesied that Portugal would always remain a Christian country, which the Portuguese take to mean that Communism will never triumph in their land. It is worth noting that many young soldiers have been journeying to Fátima in recent weeks, which may well prove more significant than all the rhetoric of all the politicians put together. And that is yet another reason why Alvaro Cunhal is no longer laughing. □

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $2.50 (N. Amer.) or $3.00 (overseas) for a one-yr. subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM **POST OFFICE BOX 157N ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA**

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO** ☐ **I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $15.00 rate. Please enter my** ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal subscription:** ☐ **payment enclosed** ☐ **bill me later.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Reagan for Challenger

New York, August 25—Political talk about 1976 never fails to record, with considerable professional admiration, the success of Mr. Ford and his lieutenants in corralling the support of prominent Republican conservatives as insurance against a challenge by Ronald Reagan. They have got themselves Dean Burch, and Bo Callaway, and John Tower, and (allegedly, though my information is otherwise) Clif White. They have not yet landed Barry Goldwater. One would hope that Senator Goldwater would resist any premature co-option by Mr. Ford.

Mr. Ford and his supporters proceed on the increasingly unchallenged assumption that he is the legitimate heir of the validated Republican leader. There has, of course, been no precedent. On the one hand, Mr. Ford is the statutorily authorized President; on the other hand, he is, as the first official in American history to achieve the White House without being elected in a national contest, in a vague sort of a way illegitimate. Even if Richard Nixon were President today, a considerable challenge would have already been mounted on the question of whether a Nixonite with the current prescriptions, or a challenger with other prescriptions, should be nominated by the GOP in 1976.

No one would have considered such opposition as an act of disloyalty. On the contrary, the national parties have as their principal function the ventilation of differences among their constituents, leading to a resolution of sorts: which man, advocating which policies, should be presented to the American people in a general election.

There is a not uninteresting and quite recent historical analogue. Although Lyndon Johnson was thoroughly elected by the people in 1964, there was explicit dissatisfaction with him among Democrats in 1968. Allard Lowenstein went first to Mr. Johnson's obvious competitor, Robert Kennedy, and invited him to enter New Hampshire. Senator Kennedy, in an atypical seizure of ambivalence, declined. In due course Senator McCarthy, his hand held modestly aloft, volunteered to make the challenge. The obvious contender in the spring primaries is Ronald Reagan. One hopes he will enter a primary campaign for the Republican nomination.

Many of Mr. Ford's supporters are managing to suggest that Republican loyalty requires unanimity in the matter of his redesignation. I take the liberty of suggesting that this is probably not Mr. Ford's own surreptitious view. He knows too much, and admires too profoundly, the give and take of democratic politics to make any such presumption. On the other hand, the lure of the Presidency is very strong, and, typically, an incumbent finds himself yielding to the extravagant attentions of his courtiers.

So it is with many Republicans, who do not pause to reflect that however we applaud this or the other instance of Mr. Ford's resistance to the organized Left, in fact he presides over policies which, if they had been championed by any of his Democratic predecessors in office, would have been roundly denounced by the entire Republican membership of the United States Congress.

President Nixon initiated a set of policies which, however well-intentioned, resulted in a) a humiliating defeat in Vietnam; b) a budget deficit larger than any Democrat ever dared to endorse; c) the baptism of detente as the established policy of a President who suddenly began to talk about the peace-loving intentions of the Communist superpowers; and d) the passing along of the seals of office to a genial man of conservative disposition who, however, accepts the coils of detente as he would the fingers of a masseuse, reveling in his presumed contribution to world peace; and who considers himself triumphant when, by raw exercise of the executive veto, he succeeds in reducing from $70 to $60 billion a projected national deficit. □

PITY MRS. FORD

New York, August 18—One hates to respond, or even comment, on the casual effluvia of spouses of important people, but what, really, is the alternative other than to take it lying down, a posture recommended by Mrs. Ford for young unmarried American women? Mrs. Ford's interview (on CBS' *60 Minutes*) was in fact an act of aggression. What she did was to use her high office as First Lady, achieved by a concatenation of romantic and felonious coincidences, to rewrite the operative sexual code of Western civilization. It is bad enough to hear the same kind of thing from Margaret Mead, returned from a winter in Samoa and overwhelmed by the spontaneity of it all; or from Dr. Kinsey, whose iron rule was that if 50 per cent plus one of the people do it, it is okay. But the role of the civic leader is to defend standards, even if the barbarians are at the gate; which they most definitely are. Her husband's policies of detente with the Soviet Union may, by some, be excused as a necessary capitulation to overwhelming force. But Hugh Hefner does not dispose of hydrogen bombs, leaving Mrs. Ford without a practical reason for insouciantly undermining the traditional presumption in favor of chastity, and fidelity.

WHAT she did *not* say was that if her daughter Susan had an affair, she would understand, and forgive her. What she said was that she would not be "surprised"; that, in effect, she would approve, subject—here was a strange qualification—to an investigation of the boy-lover who took Susan to his bed. "I'd want to know pretty much about the young man that she was planning to have the affair with—whether it was a worthwhile encounter or whether it was going to be one of those . . ."

One of those what? What qualifications would Mrs. Ford look for, in a suitor who aspired to be the lover of her 18-year-old daughter? That he be a moderate Republican? Surely not—that would be politically strait-laced. That he be a WASP? That too would be atavistic—HEW would not approve of any such discrimination, nor would the 14th Amendment, or the Supreme Court. That the young man should be genuinely attached to 18-year-old Susan? I cannot imagine whom that would exclude, Susan being attractive and nubile. That he be rich? Or—at the opposite extreme—poor, and therefore otherwise unindulged? That he be handsome and attractive? But surely Susan is the exclusive arbiter of those qualities in any courtship? One concludes—happily, in this case—that Mrs. Ford really hasn't thought the matter through, and one is left ignorant of whether she is capable of thinking the matter through.

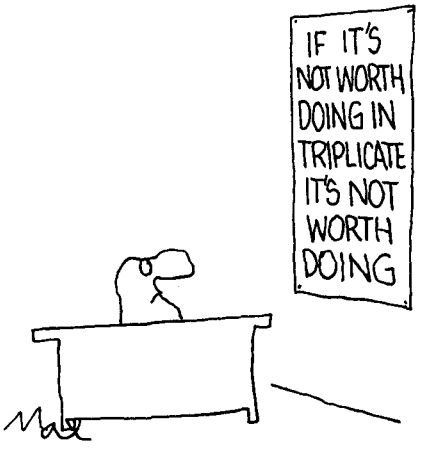
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Ford, who was suddenly cast into the role of poor John Mitchell a few years ago, authorized a spokesman to say limply that he had always encouraged his wife to "speak her mind." Well, clearly the Republican platform of 1976 should commit the President to discouraging his wife from speaking her mind. It is a rationalist and psychological superstition that it is always a good thing to speak your mind. It is nothing of the sort. If we all always spoke our minds, the situation would be entirely chaotic.

CIVIL BEHAVIOR requires exactly the opposite: that we often *refrain* from speaking our minds—in deference to the sensibilities of others. In the last season there has been a good bit of breast-beating in the intellectual journals by writers who confess that they have always really disliked blacks. Under carefully controlled auspices it is permissible to discuss this kind of thing: but always with the understanding that it is a failing. Of the people who have thus written, I know none who would intentionally affront a black. It makes no difference that they might continue to harbor prejudice against blacks, any more than it makes any difference at all that all of us are sinners and that sexual permissiveness is in vogue. Hypocrisy, La Rochefoucauld said, is the tribute that vice pays to virtue.

Mrs. Ford's evangelistic and dismayingly superficial view of women's rights was not to be curbed that day on CBS. Asked about abortion, she commented that the Supreme Court's decision to legalize abortion was "the best thing in the world . . . a great, great decision." Now as a matter of fact, even lawyers who are enthusiastic in their belief that a woman should have the right to abort her child, agree that it was a very poor decision. But the quality of judicial thought aside, the enthusiasm of Mrs. Ford was a disastrous breach in tone. To apply to a Supreme Court decision affirming the right of a woman to abort, the kind of cheering-section enthusiasm Mrs Ford gave it, is dismayingly insensitive. As if the head of the World Population Council were to appear and report gleefully that one million Biafran children had starved, thus relieving the population problem in west Africa. A moment's thought should have sufficed to inform Mrs. Ford that the Supreme Court was not endorsing abortion in *Roe* v. *Wade*. It was merely explicating its understanding of rights exercisable under the Constitution. That which is permitted is not ipso facto commendable; nor is that which is practiced ipso facto desirable.

It is very surprising, and very bad news, that Mrs. Ford abused her husband's position by speaking out in contravention of ethical values established, according to her husband who not infrequently invokes His assistance, by an authority higher even than the Supreme Court. □



DOWN MEXICO WAY

Mexico City, August 22 —Luis Echeverria, the President of Mexico, is very much in the news, and enjoying every minute of it. He has only one year left to go of his six-year term, but ever so many years of ambition left unsatiated. He would like very much to succeed Kurt Waldheim as Secretary General of the United Nations. Failing that, he would like to be the brooding omnipresence of the Mexican Left, peering down from some fortress or other. Much is made of his austere personal habits. He does not smoke, does not drink, and is a family man, united to a great clan from the north. He has only two great burdens to bear. The first is the unsettling whiteness of his skin: it is somewhat off-putting to go around the darker-complexioned parts of the world offering oneself as their natural leader—with the complexion of an albino. Accordingly, he is said to spend hours in the sun, or under a sunlamp, before meeting with his powerful brothers in the Third World who are supposed to hoist him to the position of Secretary General. His other handicap is the quite general conviction that he is not very bright. The Mexicans love to joke about their leaders —in part because there isn't anything else they can do about them—and Echeverria, in the easygoing underground of Mexican iconoclasm, is the butt of many imbecile jokes, one of them being that having deposited his coin in an old soft drink dispenser and got nothing in return, he inspected it carefully and read the word—on what turned out to be an old American machine—"DIME." *Dime*, in Spanish, means "tell me." Accordingly, the President of the United States of Mexico leaned over to the machine and told it—"Coca-Cola, please."

It has been remarked for fifty years that members of the ruling class in Mexico play a double game when it comes to matters of race. The soliloquy of, say, the professor, or businessman, or high-level bureaucrat, would traditionally go something like this: "The Spanish were the curse of this country. They came here and enslaved the native people. They robbed us of our culture. They destroyed our institutions. They tortured our heroes. They despoiled our land. . . . Unfortunately it happens that I am of pure Spanish stock."

Luis Echeverria may be of pure Spanish stock, and it may require a lot of ultra-violet rays to make him a credible leader of the Third World; but it is less easy to believe that he is all that witless. He is unpopular with the Left because it supposes that it was he who gave the order, in his role as governor of the city, to shoot down dissident students in the great massacre of 1968. And they believe he is, while affecting the rhetoric of the Left, busily engaged in effective collusion with the business interests. While the Right wrings its hands in dismay over a rhetoric insidiously, pervasively anticapitalist, and opposed to the private sector.

MEANWHILE, both sides stand by breathlessly, because Luis Echeverria, who may not succeed himself as president, will name his successor. He is coy about just when this will be done. Ostensibly the successor is named when one day a sunburst illuminates, tilling his modest little garden as governor of the state, or as an obscure member of the president's cabinet, a middle-aged Cincinnatus whom *all of Mexico* thereupon recognizes as selected by providence itself to guide Mexico to greater glory. The speculation is that the heavens will speak some time between the *informe*, which is the State of the Union address on September 1, and the *grito*, which is the reiteration of the cry for independence back in 1810 (September 16). At that time the heavens will be playing ventriloquist's dummies for Luis Echeverria, who is not that dumb, and who, for all his visions of justice and plenty, knows what is the principal lubricant of Mexican politics and the Mexican economy. On one wonderful occasion a newscaster, within the hearing of Henry Kissinger, turned to President Echeverria at dinner and asked sweetly, "Mr. President, why are all Mexicans corrupt?" Our Secretary of State froze, the lima beans stuck in his throat. But President Echeverria only smiled, and said, "Why, I seem to remember Lyndon Johnson, who spent his life in public service. He did not exactly retire into poverty?" □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. To become a realized fact — 42 56 150 158 179 76 23 190 112 37 / 121

B. Human in form — 45 55 223 138 145 183 200 209 142 74 / 84 101 161 194 178 70

C. A heap of trash — 59 100 102 172 53 1 93 51 36 16 / 68

D. A type of illumination in the good old days — 48 26 73 97 225 156 136 171 61 20 / 63 144

E. A nation + part of an airplane = part of a fowl — 66 164 168 129 191 6 193 151 80 104

F. Those who toil — 154 7 65 120 135 153 89 29 139 31 / 2 12 162

G. Part of part of a ship — 79 40 211 122 149 110 131 14 182

H. To trespass — 87 67 188 116 195 205 133

I. Native lumps of a precious metal — 98 8 72 83 5 17 35

J. Gotterdammerung — 137 86 91 96 103 113 155 160 177 189 / 208 212 218 78 148 174 220

K. If the opponents do this, one of the proponents will say "Do my Ayes deceive me?" — 146 58 221 19 152 94 143

L. A priestly caste of ancient Persia — 165 71 105 18

M. What too many candidates fail to take when they run — 203 21 166 123 128

N. A reversal of position or attitude — 222 198 3 15 217 24 41 181 106

O. The paddle-box of a steamboat — 75 33 38 22 25 52 85 11 62 49

P. One of the Danube's tributaries — 176 27 46 185 157 60

Q. Inhabitants of a certain continent — 180 214 201 39 147 206 64 127 4

R. What Gene Tunney and Joe Louis were — 90 204 215 99 196 173 192 219 224 107 / 140

S. Marks that indicate minutes or seconds or feet or inches — 108 9 170 124 132 32 69

T. Yeomen of England's royal guard — 111 50 199 210 202 43 30 213 134 54

U. A form of rapid writing in which the letters are usually slanted and the words formed without lifting the pen — 125 28 109 167 216 44 92 163 95 77 / 81

V. A member of the Iroquois confederacy — 175 207 10 184 47 82 114 117

W. Quicker than larghetto — 187 88 13 126 118 57 34

X. A recipient of free tickets for entertainment or transportation — 197 115 169 119 186 130 141 159

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1006 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 C	2 F	3 N	4 Q	5 I		6 E	7 F	8 I		9 S	10 V	11 O	12 F	13 W		14 G	15 N
16 G	17 I	18 L	19 K	20 D	21 M	22 O		23 A		24 N	25 O	26 D	27 P		28 U	29 F		30 T	31 F
	32 S	33 O	34 W		35 I	36 C	37 A	38 O		39 Q	40 G		41 N		42 A	43 T	44 U		45 B
46 P	47 V		48 D	49 O	50 T	51 C		52 O	53 C	54 T		55 B	56 A	57 W	58 K	59 C	60 P	61 D	
62 O	63 D	64 Q	65 F	66 E	67 H	68 C	69 S	70 B		71 L	72 I	73 D	74 B	75 O	76 A	77 U	78 J		79 G
80 E	81 U		82 V	83 I	84 B	85 O	86 J	87 H	88 W	89 F		90 R	91 J	92 U	93 C	94 K		95 U	96 J
97 D	98 I	99 R		100C	101B		102C	103J	104E	105L	106N	107R		108S	109U	110G		111T	112A
113J	114V	115X	116H		117V	118W	119X		120F	121A	122G	123M	124S	125U		126W	127Q	128M	
129E	130X	131G	132S	133H	134T		135F	136D		137J	138B	139F		140R	141X	142B	143K		144D
145B	146K	147Q	148J	149G	150A	151E	152K	153F		154F	155J	156D	157P	158A	159X		160J	161B	162F
	163U	164E	165L	166M	167U		168E	169X	170S	171D		172C	173R		174J	175V		176P	177J
178B		179A	180Q	181N	182G	183B	184V		185P	186X	187W	188H		189J	190A	191E	192R		193E
194B	195H	196R	197X		198N	199T		200B	201Q	202T	203M	204R	205H	206Q	207V	208J		209B	210T
	211G	212J	213T		214Q	215R	216U	217N	218J	219R		220J	221K	222N	223B	224R	225D		

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a custom look that lasts...
Milliken's MILSTAR® Free-lay carpet tiles

Now Milliken makes custom-styled open office landscaping easy with coordinating colors in patterned and solid color MILSTAR Free-lay carpet tiles. Remarkably practical, too. When partitions — or the entire office — must be moved, the tiles also can be moved. And proper tile rotation will increase wear life 3 to 4 times longer, eliminates the repaired or worn look. Milliken's handsome Custom Square patterns, with pile of 100% Antron® nylon, are Computer Injection Dyed in precise registration by Millitron™, revolutionary development from Milliken Research. Wide selection available; special designs on request. For details, call or write:

Deering Milliken, Inc.,
Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange,
Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business
La Grange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AUTHENTIC WEBSTER'S 8-POUND, 1,454-PAGE, 158,000-DEFINITION, $39.95 DICTIONARY

NOW ONLY $19.95!

Because of the depressed economy, most book publishers are in financial trouble. The Webster's Dictionary Company is no exception. And just as the major auto companies have taken drastic steps to improve sales, we hereby announce an incredible price slash on our 1,454-page, eight-pound, 158,000-definition, 300-page-encyclopedia-supplemented, full-color-embellished, $39.95 list-price, paragon-of-the-publishing-industry, **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**: *ONLY $19.95!!*

If you've ever wanted to buy this one-volume reference work—considered by scholars to be *the* standard of English usage—*NOW* is the time to do so. If the national economy should improve soon—as many experts predict—you may never have this chance again. This unprecedented low price—*ONLY $19.95!!*—adds new meaning to the word "bargain."

In case you're unfamiliar with **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**, let us explain that it is *the* supreme arbiter of English usage. Its compilers are a group of 100 lexicographers, etymologists, philologists, orthographers, researchers, and editors known collectively as The English Language Institute. They trace their origin back to Noah Webster (1758-1843), the father of American lexicography and inspiration for the founding of our company. Millions of literate Americans refer to **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** every day, and rely on it for authoritative answers to their questions about word definition, spelling, pronunciation, hyphenation, origin and usage. No book anywhere is held in higher esteem.

The work itself is divided into 22 sections. Its heart, of course, is the more than 1,100 pages given over to an A-Z vocabulary—updated to include slang expressions of this very year. The section is supplemented by charts, pronunciation symbols, lists of abbreviations, etc.

Other sections include:

- A 51,000-word Thesaurus of Synonyms and Antonyms, with more than 4,000 cross-references. This section alone constitutes an impressive reference work.
- A Conspectus of Foreign Words and Phrases. The equivalent of a two-way English dictionary into and out of French, Spanish, Italian, and German—with some Latin and Greek.
- Table of Abbreviations. 3,800 contractions commonly used in business, engineering, medicine, geography, etc.
- Musical Signs and Symbols. A primer on notation of the art.
- Compendium of Quotations. Thousands of aphorisms distilling the wit and wisdom of the world. Invaluable for composing letters, preparing speeches, writing term papers. It even makes diverting reading. (How about this gem from Lincoln: "My old father used to say: If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.")
- Students' and Writers' Guide. A short-course in proper style and usage. It covers punctuation, italics, capitalization, footnotes, bibliographies, *and* provides a directory of basic reference works in biography, business, history, geography, science and other major fields.
- Perpetual Calendar. Enables you to pinpoint the day of week of *any* date in the two centuries from 1901 to 2100.
- Table of Metric Equivalents. Over *a thousand* measurements you'll be using during the next few years as the United States gradually converts to metric system.
- Occupational Guide. Detailed descriptions of 95 vocational fields, including nature of work, required training, compensation, etc. Perhaps most important, it includes names and addresses of national organizations that can furnish *job leads.*
- Dictionary of Mythology. An indispensable tool for complete understanding of literature from Homer's *Iliad* to Tolkien's *The Hobbit.*
- Manual of Office Procedure. Everything from how to mail packages and letters at cheapest postage rates, to creating efficient filing systems, devising effective form letters (with actual illustrations), caring for office equipment, reconciling bank statements, composing persuasive business letters, using proper forms of address, etc. In short, a cram-course at a business school.
- Compound Interest Table. Instant computation of earnings on any amount.
- Flags of the World. Eight pages of pulse-raising banners in glorious full-color.
- Salary Tables. Annual wages converted into weekly, monthly, quarterly, daily and hourly payments, to help you check up on the accuracy of your company's payroll department.
- The Space Age. A 16-page supplement of solar system charts, space exploration terminology, table of planets, space records, and other far-out scientific data.
- Table of World Families of Languages. Fascinating origins of, and current interrelationships among, the world's leading tongues.
- Prefixes and Suffixes. 500 explained.
- Historical Sketch of the English Language. By the renowned philologist Mario Pei, of Columbia University.
- Presidents of the United States. A magnificent 16-page portrait gallery in full-color, including each president's biography and major achievements.
- Cooking Tables. How to prepare 750 different foods—with *calorie* counts.
- Moneys of the World. An absorbing, invaluable reference tool for numismatists and businessmen.

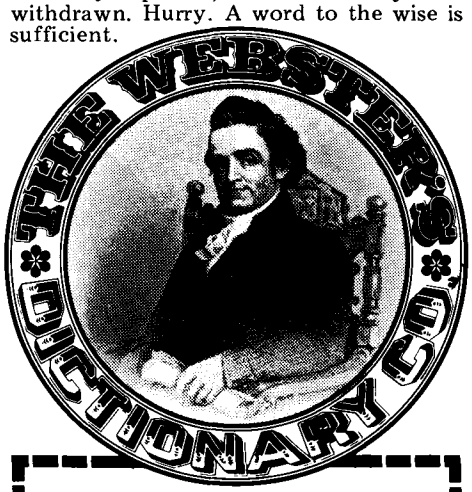
In short, if you had but one book to choose in life, **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** should be it. It is the most comprehensive, utilitarian, *entertaining* single volume ever published.

The work is *massive* in size. It measures *three-hundred and twenty-one cubic inches and weighs eight pounds.*

In physical make-up, the dictionary is a masterpiece of the bookmaker's art. It is set in Century Expanded, one of the most legible and beautiful of typefaces. It is printed on special high-opacity, vellum-finish paper to reduce eyestrain. Its signatures are Smyth-sewn and reinforced at top and bottom for sturdiness. Binding material is leather grain, and page edges and stamping are gilded. In other words, **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** brings to your office or home not only knowledge but splendor.

To repeat, **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**—which lists at $39.95—is now available for *ONLY $19.95!!* To order, use coupon.

Act at once. As we said, as soon as the economy improves, this offer is likely to be withdrawn. Hurry. A word to the wise is sufficient.



THE WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

Please send me _____ copies of the renowned, authoritative, 1,454-page, 8-pound, 321-cubic-inch, 158,000-definition, $39.95 list-price **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** at the unprecedented low price of *ONLY $19.95!!* (plus $2 per copy for crating & freight).

(Check one)

☐ I enclose payment

☐ Bill my charge card account:

American Express #_____

Master Charge #_____

BankAmericard #_____

Expiration date _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please add applicable sales tax.

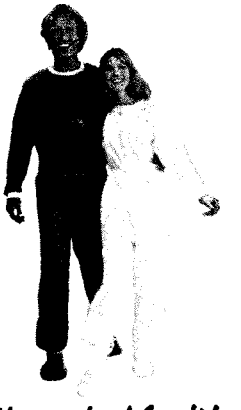
©Webster's Mcmlxxv. TM Reg. WDNRV-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bundler™

It's the "sleeper" gift of the season . . .

Our famous grown-up version of the classic favorite for children . . . the snuggly fashion that will make any female a beautiful baby all over again!



Take any gal who's ever worn and loved and outgrown the *original* version of this wonderful body-bundler... let her snuggle into our adult Bundler and behold a cold-weather fashion treat! It's deliciously sexy. Flattering to the figure, yet oh so soft and comfortable. It's wonderfully warm... styled in soft, fuzzy 100% Acrilan® acrylic – yes, the same good fabric as the famous children's model.

The Bundler is made for lounging, for sleeping, for daydreaming... for just plain luxury. There's a full zipper, plus stretch-knit wristlets, plus a rope waistband that will keep a girl cozier than she's been since who-knows-when. (For extra warmth, even the slippers have ankle rope-ties.) Note, too, that the slippers are *detachable*. With the Bundler around, she'll be warm all over!

What's it all add up to? A gift of beauty, of deep-down comfort and practicality for any lady you know. *Order the Bundler today*. It's the perfect idea for college dorms, ski-goers, winter vacationers, holiday gifts. Machine washable and dryable, of course.

You asked for it! It's Here!

Now The Bundler™ for Men

Same fine Monsanto Acrilan® acrylic fabric, same wonderful practicality and good looks, same quality workmanship, same exceptional value... but now fashioned in colors and sizes for men. See chart below.

A delightful buy... Men's or Ladies' . . . . . **only $19.95 each**

SPECIAL SAVINGS: HIS and HERS SET (or any 2 Bundlers) . **$37.00**

SAVE MORE: 3 or more Bundlers (Men's or Ladies') . . . . . **$18.00 each**

Ladies' Colors

Pink Lady	Orange Burst	Yellow Glow	Red Signal	Chocolate Bear	Navy Night

Men's Colors

Ladies' Sizes	
If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'2"	S
5'2" to 5'4"	M
5'4" to 5'6"	L
over 5'6"	XL

Men's Sizes	
If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'6"	S
5'6" to 5'9"	M
5'9" to 6'0"	L
over 6'	XL

This garment is warranted for one full year's normal wear. Refund or replacement when returned with tag and proof of purchase to Monsanto.

UNIQUE Products Co., Dept. Z-5021, 340 Poplar Street Hanover, Pa. 17331

Please rush **Bundler(s)** as indicated:
Men's or Ladies' **$19.95** each.
His and Hers Set (or any 2), **$37.00**
3 or more Bundlers, **$18.00** each.
Add $2 per garment for shipping and handling. Specify men's or ladies'.
Md. residents add sales tax.

- ☐ I enclose check or m.o.
- ☐ Charge my Credit Card
- ☐ Carte Blanche
- ☐ BankAmericard
- ☐ American Express
- ☐ Diners Club
- ☐ Master Charge Bank No. _____

Ladies' (Z-230243A)		Men's (Z-240044A)	
Quantity	Color	Men's or Ladies'	Size

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

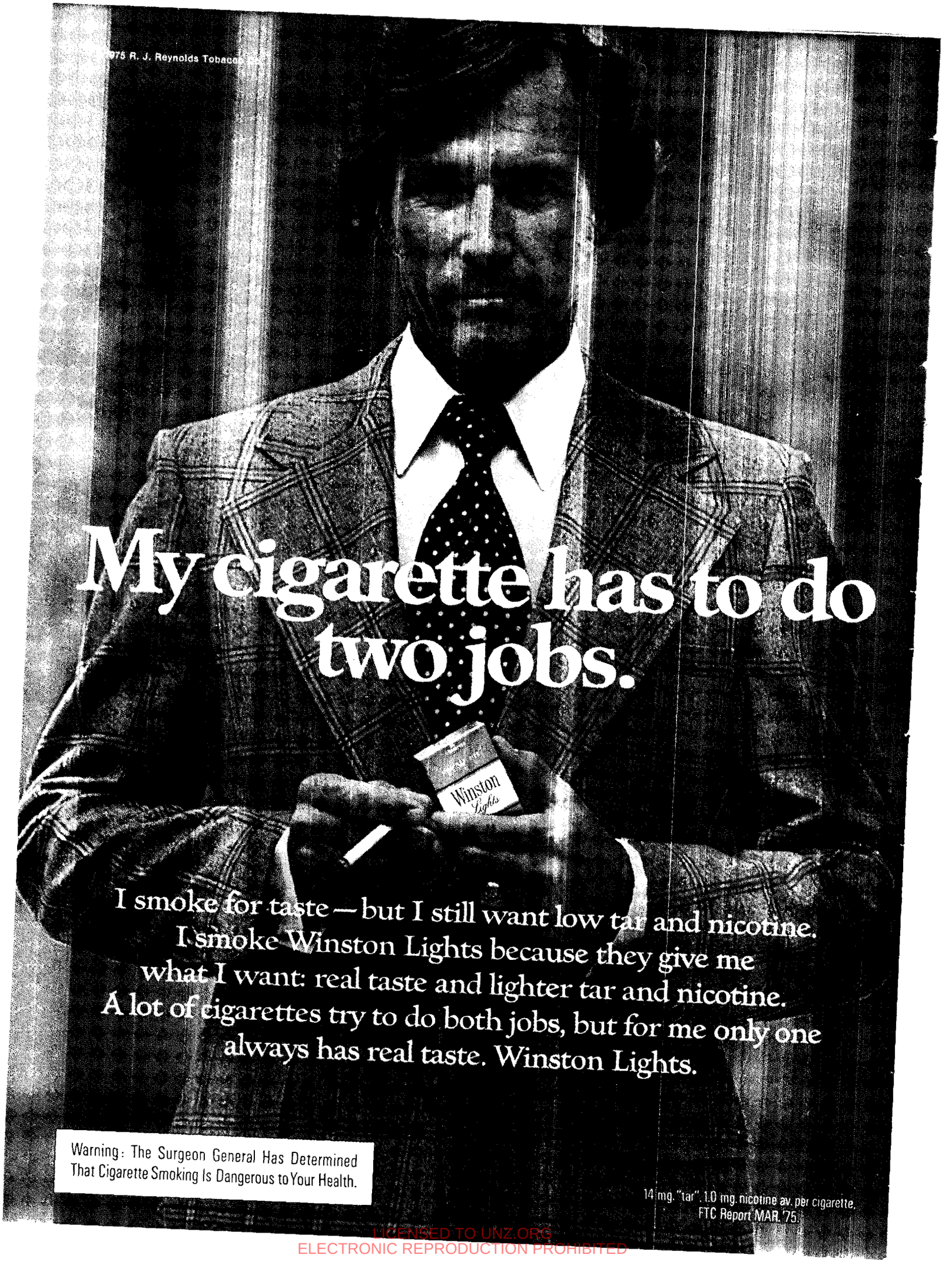
The UNIQUE Guarantee
Unique ideas, unique quality, unique value—accurately described and promptly shipped. Plus a promise: you must be pleased with your purchases *always* (a month from now or a year from now) or your money back fast. That's a UNIQUE guarantee!

unique Products Co.

Dept. Z-5021, 340 Poplar Street Hanover, Pa. 17331

©HHI, Inc. 1975

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco
My cigarette has to do two jobs.
Winston Lights
I smoke for taste—but I still want low tar and nicotine.
I smoke Winston Lights because they give me what I want: real taste and lighter tar and nicotine.
A lot of cigarettes try to do both jobs, but for me only one always has real taste. Winston Lights.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR.'75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED